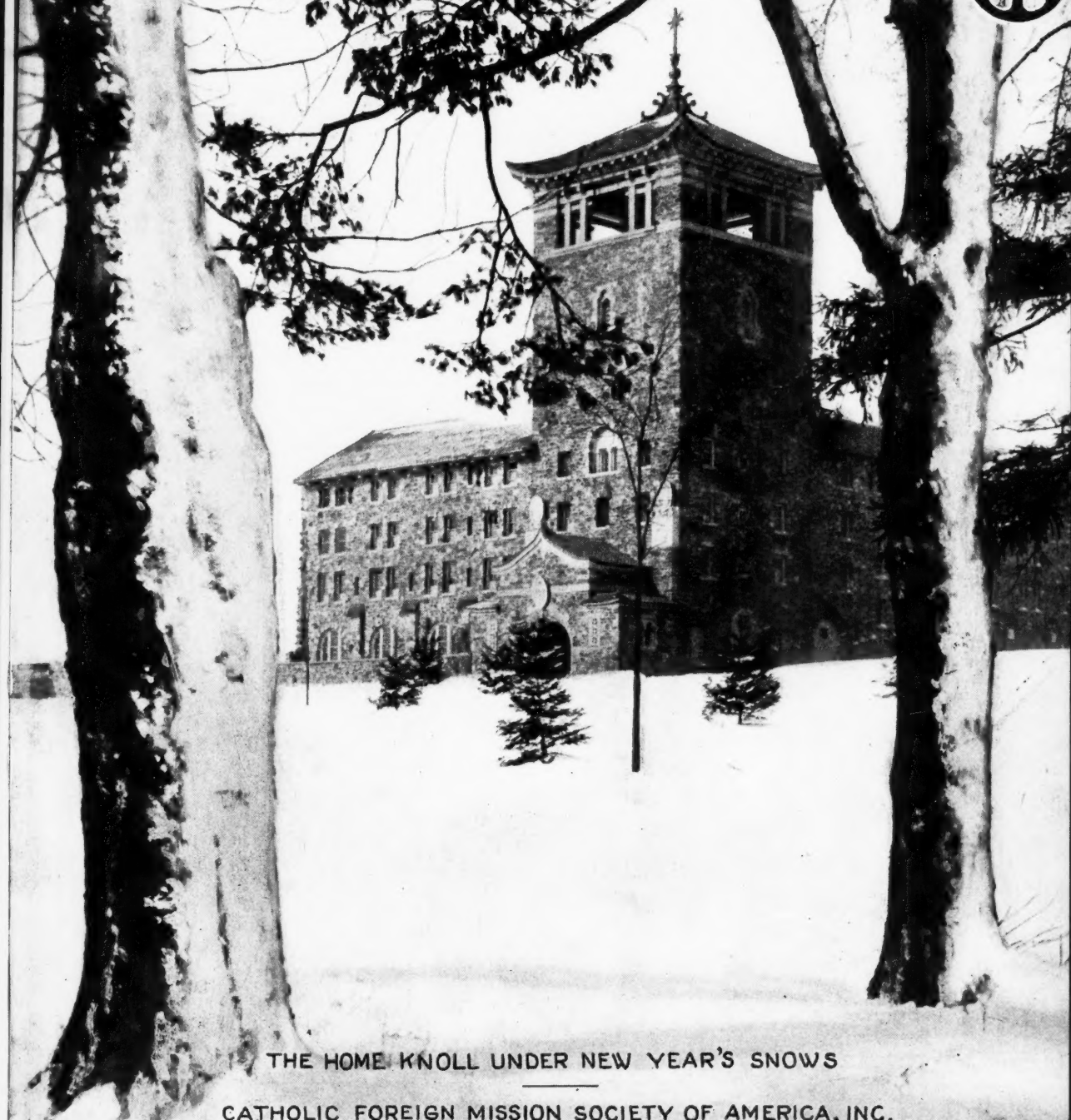


# THE FIELD AFAR

## MARY KNOLL



THE HOME KNOLL UNDER NEW YEAR'S SNOWS

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.  
(LEGAL TITLE)

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1932

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# The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., Superior General

## THE FIELD AFAR

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MARYKNOLL

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**YOUNG CHINA RECOGNIZES EPISCOPAL DIGNITY**

*Little "A Thousand Gold Pieces", abetted by an anxious mother, salutes  
Maryknoll's Bishop James E. Walsh, at Kongmoon, South China*





# THE FIELD AFAR

JANUARY, 1932



## Where Words Are Wishes

By Bishop James Edward Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., Vicar  
Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission, South China



HINA loves beautiful words. Her people speak with touching iteration about all the lovely things that distance renders enchanting. Peace is perhaps the favorite; eternal peace the commonest combination.

Happiness is rung through a million changes. Virtue is on everybody's tongue, if not in everybody's heart; and Heaven is a cherished word, though a vague place. Conscience, principle, and law are everlastingly invoked, and sometimes followed. Favorite adjectives are: valuable, honorable, exalted, precious, worthy, honest, bright, pure, serene, secure.

This is where a daughter is called a *Thousand Gold Pieces*, and a son the *Small Nobleman*; while father and mother are described respectively as the *Venerable Sir* and the *Court of Longevity*.

Here people are found living on *Poetry Book Street*, in houses erected by the *Broad Prosperity Construction Company*; they buy rice from the *Elegant Culture Mill*, saunter out to lunch at the *Tea House of Ten Thousand Fragrances*, and stop to get their hair cut at the sign of the *Jade Dragon*.

### What's in a Name?—

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet; but in China the name is first, and the smell immaterial. *One good word warms three winters*, says the proverb; nobody speaks of coal.

If you wish to rent a lodging, ask if there is a lucky house to be had; do not breathe mention of an empty house, for empty and unlucky happen to be



EVEN THE "SMALL NOBLEMAN" IS A WORD WIZARD. AND AN ADEPT IN THE GENTLE USES OF COMPLIMENT AND FLATTERY

the same syllable in Chinese, and the possible connotation is *de trop*. Ladies direct their lotus footsteps to mail jade letters in the precious post office; while men make obeisance in distinguished stores, where they select superior ar-

ticles from the accumulated excellencies.

Give a dog a good name is the rule; it costs no more, and sounds better. It is doubtless the fashion of the world in general to drug itself with words, but China puts on a Barmecide feast of names that outstrips the rest of the universe by wide margins. In the words she loves to use when speaking of the good qualities of others, there is a surplus.

### The Good Omen—

The gentle uses of compliment and flattery, however, do not exhaust by any means the Chinese genius for nomenclature, as a stroll down any alley will disclose.

Here is a man wheedling the passers-by for *water feet*, to take him to his home in Canton. He himself appears to have a perfectly good pair of legs already, but he does not propose to use them if he can avoid it; what his expressive term designates is passage money on the boat.

Another man is selling *pigeon tickets*. On examination, they turn out to be chances in a lottery. Is it strange that they find many a buyer, considering the heartening insinuation that this flyer will come home to roost?

The good omen is the thing, and you greet your merchant friend with the salutation, "Where have you been producing riches lately?"—even though he may be in rags. "Good business" is your parting wish, except when taking leave of a medicine shop or a coffin maker. In these instances, you euphemistically refrain from invoking a prosperous volume of business on these worthy, but unpropitious, enterprises.

### Weak in Profanity—

The Chinese linguistic ability is weak

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A HAPPY AND BLESSED NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS!



THE TEA HOUSE OF TEN THOUSAND FRAGRANCES

only in the matter of profanity, and naturally enough, since that form of perversion is founded on faith. The Chinese are by no means atheists; but they are probably closer to it than the professed atheists of Christendom, who rarely fail to get excited over a God they pretend not to believe in.

What the Chinese lack in profanity, however, they make up in their prolix animadversions on ancestry and anatomy; two fields which they exploit and embroider with an imagination that leaves nothing to anybody else's.

Yet, if the Chinese use no profanity properly speaking, they at times approach it by choosing invocations to an impersonal Heaven, to register emphatic sentiments. Perhaps this indicates that Heaven in their consciousness is not impersonal, but a definite, if vaguely apprehended, Power. At

any rate, the expression *Heaven has no eyes* is often employed to cap desperation; while to tell an adversary that *he lacks both human laws and heavenly principles* is to occasion him the loss of much "face" and all equanimity.

#### A Powerful Peroration—

One June day saw this writer in a bandit camp, listening to a wild harangue delivered by the head man of a troop numbering five hundred. He was exhorting his followers to stand fast against hastening soldiers, bent on enforcing the majesty of law.

The opium-sodden desperados listened in apathy to a stream of violent language rare in the annals of oratory, but they tensed perceptibly when their tigerish leader reached a peroration that must have been the strongest at his command. "*No Heaven and no*

*earth*", he finally thundered, "still I'll fight."

A week later there was no earth left for the poor chaps, except six feet for each one of them, as they were all rounded up and executed. May it be within the bounds to hope that they proved more fortunate in the case of the Heaven they also waived, and that it fell notwithstanding, by some final piece of thievery, to their lot.

#### Wizardry of Words—

When all is said, China is comparatively mild in the abuse of words, and reserves her real genius for their proper and graceful use.

Modernity is a danger, with its penchant for the practical and the efficient; it already tends to cut short ceremonial circumlocutions. Western directness threatens Eastern amenity. *The base person* was a pleasing synonym for the ego; but so outmoded has it become that recently, when the new principal of a government school referred to himself in this wise during his inaugural address, he was immediately dubbed *Base Person* by his emancipated students. He will doubtless bear this nickname for the period of his incumbency.

The old order changes, and China will not be happy until she shuffles off any and all of her age old accretions that hamper modern progress. She will know how to discriminate, however, between what is progress and what is only modern.

China has many fine things that are much too good to give up; she knows it well, and she will cling to them amid all the radios and airships that can ever be invented. One of them is her wizardry of words. For three thousand years, letters have been China's idol, and words her treasure; she will continue to ponder and fondle them.

#### A Fine Orientation—

What you do, you finally become. What you say often enough, you are in a fair way to do. Good words have nursed China. If there was little nourishment in the phantom substance, there was yet a fine orientation.

May China continue her graceful play with her beautiful words. For, after all, words are ideals. Some day

***PRAY ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest. This, as the Holy Father reminds us, is our first obligation in regard to the missions. However eager the missionaries, they will labor in vain, unless God give the increase. Let all the faithful contribute, by their prayers at least, to the success of the missions.***

***—Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy.***

she will realize them. Admittedly it is pulling herself up by her bootstraps, but what more can anybody do? It is by such touching efforts that we touch the Source of grace.



### Noted in Passing

THE charming little family group on this page was photographed in Dairen, Manchuria, where Maryknoll has a Japanese mission.

They are the children of a fine Catholic couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kashi. The eldest daughter is, like her mother before her, an alumna of the Sacred Heart Convent in Tokyo. The family have recently transferred their residence to Tokyo.

A Chinese priest, Fr. Francis Teng, C.M., came to our hilltop recently in the company of Fr. McGillicuddy, a pioneer Vincentian missionary of Bishop O'Shea's field in Kiangsi Province.

Fr. Teng addressed our students in excellent English. He and Fr. McGillicuddy are *en route* for China, where the latter will renew acquaintance with the several groups of Maryknollers in South China to whom he has preached much appreciated retreats.

While in his "home town" of Worcester, Mass., before starting on the return journey to the Land of the Four Hundred Millions, Fr. "Sandy" Cairns gave several radio broadcasts and lectures on China.

Many of his hearers expressed their appreciation of China from a missionary's viewpoint, a refreshing contrast to the usual imbroglio of "turn coat" war-lords, soldier-bandits, and bandit-soldiers which lecturers and the press present to the public as the great Chinese Republic.

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Professor Aufhauser, the well-known missiology authority of the University of Munich, visited Maryknoll last autumn and gave our seminarians an interesting account of his work in Germany.

He said that missiology courses were first introduced in German universities twenty years ago—incidentally, at the time when Maryknoll was born. All the universities of Germany have a theological department, he stated, but the missiology courses are also followed by many students from other departments. It is not an obligatory subject.



FIVE REASONS WHY FOREIGN MISSION WORK IS WORTH WHILE: THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE KASHI FAMILY, UNTIL RECENTLY PARISHIONERS OF THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS IN DAIREN, MANCHURIA

**IN ITS READERS THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.**



## A Dip Into Fr. Meyer's Mission

By the V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M.A., of Boston, Mass.,  
Superior General of Maryknoll



*On a West River junk between Wuchow and Pingnam. Pirate attacks are common occurrences along this stretch of the River, and the junks keep their "cannons" trained on the shore*



IS 1931 visitation of Maryknolls along the mission trail brought the Society's Superior General to the Independent Mission of Wuchow for

Easter.

The remarkable progress in this field is all of recent date. In 1927, when Maryknollers began intensive work in this sector of Kwang-si Province, there were only three hundred and sixty-five Catholics among the territory's three million inhabitants. At the present time there are some fourteen hundred. This advance is all the more striking because it has been made on soil hitherto barren of spiritual harvests.

In the following account, Father Walsh records his Easter season among new Christians and catechumens.

### The Wuchow Alley—

The Catholic Mission in the City of Wuchow is hidden in an alley, dark, cramped, and altogether uninviting. I had a dismal recollection of my visit ten years previously, and it looked like a repetition of that experience. The West River at Wuchow rises occasionally some sixty-odd feet; and, unless the visitor arrives at flood time and can sampan into his friend's second story, he must climb a long flight of slimy stone steps.

This is what we did, in unkindly rain; but the transformation of Wuchow from what it was, as I recalled it, made up for the absence of any means of transportation to our Maryknoll alley, which we reached without a fall—and which I found not so dismal as at my last visit.

The walls had been white-washed,

**PLEDGED for 1932—a daily prayer, and at least a weekly mite, for foreign missions.**

and the place looked clean. The little chapel, about twenty-five feet long by ten feet wide, was at its best for Holy Thursday. The wood altar, delicately carved and tastefully colored by some Chinese hands, was especially attractive, in spite of its open tabernacle door.

We were hardly settled when we had to plan the next move—the always uncertain trip to Pingnam—and then to inspect a possible site for the Wuchow Center, as also a possible purchase of a house for the activities of Maryknoll Sisters.

### The Pingnam Steamer—

We were to leave for Pingnam at some hour between 9 p.m. and 6 a.m., and the only way to be certain was to get to the boat before 9. At Wuchow there is no office for Pingnam craft, and no schedule. The little steamers—some of which rattle along by themselves, others tow junks—stop in mid stream, and must be visited before a place can be secured.

We sent a messenger to inquire, and his report led us to expect that two berths in a four berth "pantry" had been reserved; but, when we arrived alongside in a sampan, we found that not only the cabins (sic), but all floor space had been preempted. Fr. Tennen and Fr. Dempsey "talked price", however; and finally a next to the floor berth was found for the "old Shan-foo", while Fr. Dempsey discovered a few square feet outside of my pantry which, by the way, had no door.

From the sampan, I stumbled in after the baggage, walked gingerly over prostrate forms, met annoyed looks whenever I stepped on a private mat (or on some face), and finally landed on the coveted berth. Two Chinese were in the upper berth, and another three feet across from me, but my entrance caused no disturbance. We had brought blankets, of which I received all, as I afterwards learned; leaving Fr. Dempsey to the mercies of a good-hearted soldier, who loaned him an overcoat.

The night passed, not too uncomfortably, and our boat was still at Wuchow. Shortly before 6 o'clock, however, it got under way, and we spent Good Friday on the river.

THE REASON FOR ITS EXISTENCE LIES IN THE WORDS OF

**St. Ambrose in China—**

At Pingnam, we transferred to a sampan, and sighted on the shore awaiting us three white-helmeted Maryknollers, one of whom we recognized as Fr. Meyer, Superior of the Wuchow Mission. Ablutions and meals had been severely limited on the boat, so that we were glad of the opportunity that soon came to freshen and refresh ourselves.

The Christians were beginning to come in for the feast, and the little compound was a-bustle. The chapel, revealing more of Bro. Albert's work and good taste, was in perfect condition; and when the clapper sounded we joined the Christians in the Way of the Cross, which was read, in Chinese, by Fr. Meyer, commonly known as *Ma Shan-foo*. Between the Stations the Christians chanted, as best they could, the old familiar verses of the *Stabat Mater*.

A Students' Hostel on the Pingnam compound provides accommodation for students from the villages who attend schools in Pingnam. This Hostel, dedicated to St. Ambrose, is the gift of Fr. Meyer's Alma Mater—St. Ambrose College, of Davenport, Iowa—and, incidentally, I wish that St. Ambrose College could send us more Fr. Meyers, to sow the precious seed in this yet untilled soil of Kwangsi. St. Ambrose College may well be proud of *Ma Shan-foo*, who has won for himself an enviable record among the missionaries of China.

**Mission Hospitality—**

It was interesting to watch the groups coming into the compound, some after walking for twenty-five miles. Invariably there were smiles, and nods of the head, and *Tin-chu-po-yaus* to *Ma Shan-foo*, followed by similar greetings to all other *Shan-foos* in sight.

Each Christian or catechumen was registered on his arrival, and given a ticket, à la laundry check, for the one or more meals that he would receive as guest of the mission. The missionary on occasions of the great feasts must be father and provider for this large family—most of whose members are poor farmers dependent upon a half acre of land, a few chickens, and a pig to sustain themselves and their children.

Three hundred and twenty were at

## **BEGIN the year well by securing a new friend for Maryknoll, a new subscriber for *The Field Afar*.**

Pingnam for the Easter feast, and the expenses for each amounted to nearly ten American cents; but the missionary was well repaid by the happiness radiating the compound, by the strengthened union of Catholics from different villages, meeting one another often for the first time, and by the firmer bond between his flock and himself.

Confessions were heard during Holy Saturday; and by evening all the pilgrims were settled down, chatting with one another or with the *Shan-foo*.

**Preparation for the Feast—**

Meanwhile, the chapel was being decorated for the feast. One of the priests, who happened to make a visit just as the decorators were completing their task, noted that the artists (sic), wishing to slightly elevate four vases of flowers, had secured from the cook four cans of tomatoes—with the red labels out for the admiration of the multitude. Some plain white paper saved the situation, without further search.

Let it be understood, however, that

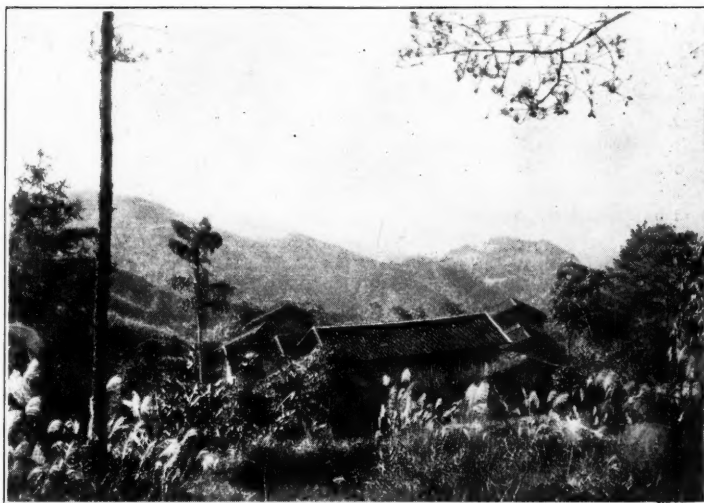
notwithstanding the tomato slip the chapel at Pingnam was fitting and even beautiful on Easter Day, and surely our Lord was satisfied.

At about 8:30 on Holy Saturday night, we heard the shrill voices of little girls around the corner, chanting what we recognized soon as the Easter hymn, *O filii et filiae*. Each verse was started with a different note, and some notes were lost or changed in transit, but the substantial air was kept; and when I reached the sleep stage at 10:15, the last sound I actually heard was the *Alleluia* of the Easter hymn, which the orphans were still practicing.

**O Filii et Filiae—**

Masses began on Easter at 4:30 a.m. Mine, the principal Mass, was at 5:30. A Solemn High, you ask? No. Not even a High Mass, although either would have been possible with the number of singing priests on hand.

A High Mass would have silenced the multitude, three hundred and twenty strong, who, beginning with the *Angelus* and allowing interruptions only at the Consecration and for the Communion, chanted their Mass prayers with gusto to the end. The sound rolled up and down the little chapel until every corner was full of sound, and I know that the sentiments expressed were very



KOO PENG, THE OLDEST CATHOLIC VILLAGE OF THE WUCHOW FIELD  
*This little cluster of houses, perched on a rock ledge half way down a mountain side, was the rude and humble cradle of the Faith in this sector*

**JESUS CHRIST, "GOING, TEACH ALL NATIONS."**

devotional.

There were many Communion, men in the majority; but, to my disappointment, I heard no echo of the *O filii et filiae*. What had happened to it? Fr. Meyer preached after Mass a sermon that I can truly describe as energetic, and listened to with evidently keen attention.

Then came Benediction. The *O Salutaris* was started by a right hand performance on the keys of a small harmonium, and was caught up by some male voices, one predominating. The same voices followed with *O filii et filiae*, and I wondered if the little girls had been eclipsed, when suddenly they broke in at the second verse, taking the alternate verses to the end, while all of us priests joined sonorously in the *Alleluia*.

During the day, at any and every service, and lustily after night prayers we heard the fine old chant repeated here in the Kwangsi village.

#### The Dispensary—

The dispensary did a thriving business, at corresponding cost to the mission, during these days. At a busy hour, I took a seat behind the dispensary counter—an unpainted door. The medical savants, Fr. Ryan and Bro. Francis, were assisted by a Chinese, Sing Sang, a master of his language, who could also wrap pills and ointments most artistically, in squares of the *Brooklyn Tablet*, the *Boston Pilot*, the *Catholic News*, the *Standard* and *Times*, or some other welcome messenger from the homeland.

I often think of actual conditions in these remote villages and towns. There is not a Western educated physician within eighty hard-traveled miles. Among the Chinese are some herb doctors, but no surgeons.

I asked our dispensers what they do when presented with a surgical case that needs what they cannot give. The simple answer was, "The poor fellow is up against it; nature must heal, or he must die." Over in China one longs to see multiplied largely the number of Western educated physicians and surgeons, Chinese preferably, who can understand the symptoms of their fellow-countrymen.

In view of this need, the Mission

Superiors are inclined, when means allow, to help a few deserving young men to acquire a medical education. These students would return later, as full fledged doctors, to establish themselves near a mission center. This might prove the solution of a problem that affects not only the people, but also the missionaries, who today often depend upon themselves, or one another, for medical attention.

#### Flowers for the "Great Man"—

Around the corner from the dispensary at Pingnam is the women's court,



#### A CHINESE BUFFALO BILL

*The lumbering water buffalo tolerantly ignores the antics of his young friends, but let a "foreign devil" appear along the mud dyke and the ungainly beast will probably snort and toss his long horns in great style*

in charge of two "Chinese Virgins" from Canton. A reception for the Maryknoll "Number One" had been prepared for a fixed hour, but, as "all was not ready" for the great event, it was put off half an hour, and then another half hour; at the end of which Fr. Meyer brought me to a little open space, into which were crowded all visiting women and girls.

I forget whether the seat of honor was a keg, a box, or a stool, but it was the only seat in sight. Two little

girls stood before me, their faces so lowered that I could not see them. One of them murmured a little speech, at the end of which the other presented me with a bouquet of flowers, real and artificial mixed.

Prompted by Fr. Meyer, I bowed, accepted the flowers with both hands, and spoke a few words which Fr. Meyer translated—at least, I suppose he did—and the program came to an end.

#### The Christians' Reception—

This reception, however, was eclipsed by that tendered in St. Ambrose Hall by all the Christians, men, women and children. The Hall could comfortably seat eighty, but on this occasion three hundred stood, crowding the visitors to the last ditch, at which there was a bench for the orators.

The atmosphere became symbolic of the welcomes. The speaker, a young Chinese, told his audience about the purpose of my visitation, and emphasized the sacrifices which American priests and people are making to help the great Church of Christ get a foothold in China.

Fr. Meyer replied for me, expressing our hope and prayer that, as gradually the Church in America had become self-sustaining, so, some day, China would be able to supply her own hierarchy and priesthood, as also the means to strengthen and develop the true Faith in this vast country.

The speeches were followed by three silent, reverent bows; and the immediate reaction as we got into the fresh air of the court was a volley of crackers that almost shook the compound, the din keeping up for at least a quarter of an hour. This was not the mission treat. It came from the combined copers of the poor people, who would prefer to express their joy in this way rather than in any other.

#### The Catechist Need—

There is a gratifying movement of conversions in this Maryknoll Wuchow Mission, with one thousand actually under instruction, scattered in thirty different villages. One village alone has three hundred. The priests are all much encouraged, and Fr. Meyer is especially happy over the results; but his face lengthens as he realizes that



more catechumens mean more catechists—and catechists, although requiring only a few dollars a week, must be paid, since they give practically all their working hours to the service of the Mission.

It may sound strange to say that conversions depend, under God, on the number and quality of catechists, but this is quite true. Of course, the catechist is stimulated and directed by the missionary, whose zeal is necessary; but, without the catechist, the missionary is almost powerless.

The instruction of catechumens is a long and arduous process, requiring also an intimate knowledge of the language and traditions of the people. Even if the priest has the language, he cannot give the time required.

In China, too, a man catechist may teach only men, and a woman only women. This means separate catechists for the sexes. Again, catechumens who cannot read the Chinese characters must be formed in special classes.

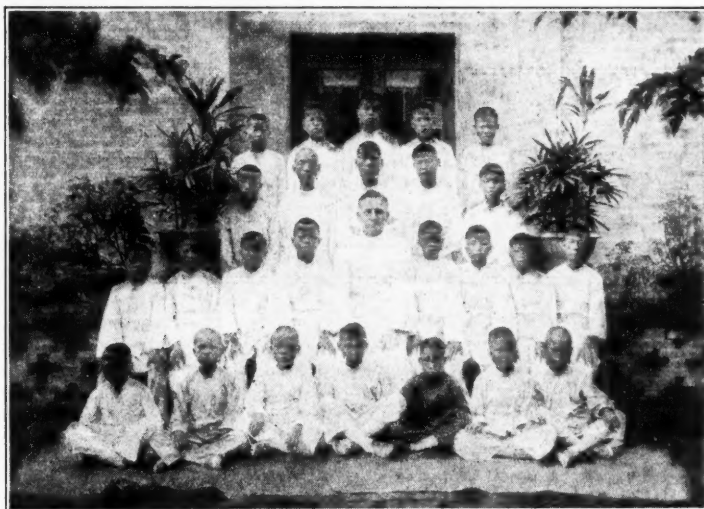
The number of persons whom it is possible for one catechist to instruct, giving morning and evening hours to the adults, and between times to the children, is very limited. The village of three hundred catechumens, to which I referred, alone requires several.

High grade catechists are not yet easy to find, but conditions are daily more favorable. All along the Maryknoll line the strong desire is expressed for a Catechist School, in which a thorough training in methods of work can be given to promising catechists from the different mission sections.

#### By Shanks' Mare—

We stayed in Pingnam from Good Friday afternoon to Easter Monday. I did not wish to leave without seeing Fr. Mulcahy, a Maryknoller whose "home town" is Framingham, Mass., and whose arrival from his mission in the mountains we were hourly expecting.

Fr. Mulcahy arrived towards the end of the afternoon on Easter Sunday. He had left his mission on Saturday, remained one night for Easter Mass in a Christian's home, and had then come over the mountains by chair and shanks' mare, a distance of nearly twenty-five miles.



FR. BERNARD F. MEYER, OF DAVENPORT, IA., SUPERIOR OF THE MARYKNOLL WUCHOW MISSION, IN KWANGSI PROVINCE, SOUTH CHINA; AND THE GOODLY CROP OF VOCATIONS TO THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD WHICH THIS HITHERTO BARREN FIELD HAS ALREADY YIELDED

He entered the compound, clad lightly, and in straw sandals through which water had often flowed during his journey. Tired he must have been, but he looked fresh and smiled placidly after the long journey.

As he greeted us, his chair-bearers turned into their resting place; and, shortly afterward, were followed by the baggage carrier, who first deposited on the house veranda the customary two round baskets used by travelers in China, and carried suspended from the end of a coolie's pole. As I realized that this little coolie had journeyed alone with his two heavy baskets for twenty-five miles that day, I marveled at his buoyant manner and his happy countenance.

Rice and the "fixings" must have meant much to him that Easter night.

Fr. Mulcahy stayed over until our departure. Like all others, he found his year in the Language School a most beneficial experience; and, with an increasing knowledge of the Chinese language and customs, he draws nearer daily to the simple people among whom his lot is cast.

#### TWENTY IN TWENTY-FIVE

As a mission lover and Maryknoll friend, you will be interested in the story told on page 32.

#### The Successful Missioner—

Two requisites often mentioned for a successful missionary in China are patience and a knowledge of the language. The Superior of the Wuchow Mission exemplifies for his men both qualifications.

When I was speaking with him one day on this subject, he admitted that only recently, after twelve years on the field, has he felt a hold on the language, and full confidence that his people and himself understand each other.

#### A Departure by Night—

We left the Pingnam mission Easter Monday night, and, the way lighted by lanterns, slipped along the dark alleys and down the steep steps to our waiting boat.

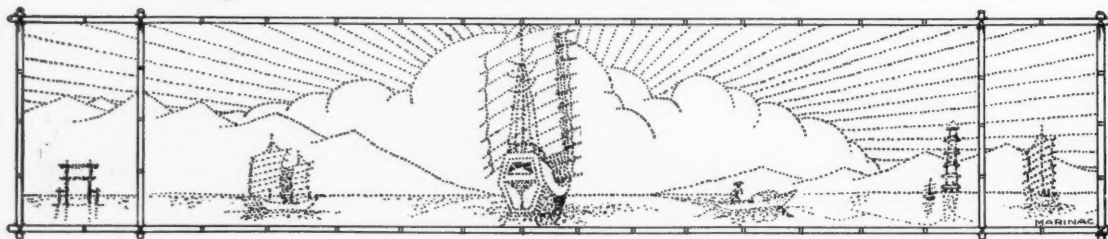
We reached Wuchow shortly after noon the following day, in a teeming rain and at the Mission found Fr. Kennelly, ready to escort us to Loting in the Kongmoon Vicariate. It was not so easy. A steamer scheduled to sail at 2 had been taken off, and would not run.

There was nothing to do but wait until early the next morning, and meanwhile try to catch up to this crazy quilt diary, put together in odd moments along the line.

(To be continued.)

IS IN A POSITION TO HELP,

## Along The Maryknoll Mission Trail



### FR. DONAGHY TELLS OF A CHILD APOSTLE

Kaying—

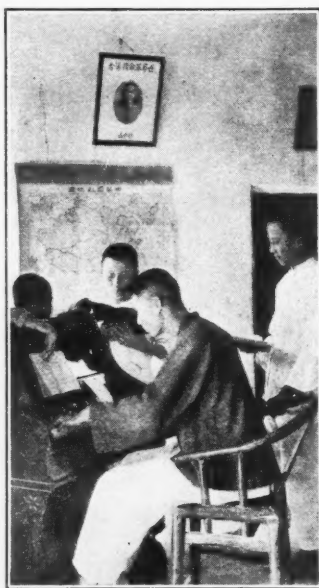
(Kaying Prefecture Apostolic)

A FEW days ago, the usual after dinner quiet hour was disrupted, when the houseboy came dashing into my room to excitedly announce that "the girl would certainly die". That I did not know what girl, and where she was, seemed of little or no import to him, for this was all the information he volunteered.

A series of questions; and, finally, enlightenment. The person in question was a small ten-year old girl who, both before and since cutting her hand several days previously, had studied in our catechetical school. Her home is in the village adjoining our property, so I lost no time in reaching her.

In a small room, scarcely capable of holding five people comfortably, was gathered a crowd of at least twenty, mostly women, and not a few were converting confusion into bedlam by wailing. An old woman, her loosened hair covered with burlap cloth, was holding the sick girl in her lap and brandishing incessantly a huge sickle-like knife dangerously close to her head. I later learned this procedure was a superstition, the object of which was to cut away the evil spirit supposedly in possession of the girl.

A single glance convinced me that death was truly imminent, and that Baptism should be administered at once. I gave her the name Mary, and thus placed her under the care of our Blessed Mother. Shortly after Baptism, she was thought to be somewhat better, and was removed to the little hospital close by, where her illness was diagnosed as lockjaw. The limited facilities of the hospital were exhausted in an unavailing effort to save her life.



FUTURE PRIESTS OF MSGR. FORD'S KAYING SEMINARY BRUSH UP ON THE CHANT

About thirty-six hours after she had received the saving waters, God took her to Himself.

Her mother, a pagan, told a rather touching story of how the little girl would return home each day and relate to her all she had heard and studied in the catechism class. And, more pathetic still, with what joy she had anticipated the day of receiving for the first time her Blessed Savior in Holy Communion. Though she did not live to see that day, her childish enthusiasm did

Associate membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society is fifty cents a year.

not pass unrewarded, for it so impressed her mother that she has expressed a desire to embrace the Faith.

Is it too much to hope, or even expect, that from her place in heaven she will now use her power to effect the conversion, not only of her mother, but of the whole village as well—a village which, though friendly towards the Church, has never listened to her.

### SR. PETER ASSISTS AT A FIRST COMMUNION

Dairen—

(Manchurian Mission)

LITTLE Masao was a member of our First Communion class, but he had been obliged to drop out, because of illness. He grew worse; and, as there seemed to be small hope of his recovery, he begged to receive his First Communion in bed.

Masao's father had died a short while before, and relatives in Nagasaki had invited the mother and the four children to go and live with them. At the time of Masao's request for Holy Communion, everything was packed except the barest necessities.

Two of the Sisters went early to the sick child's home to make ready a suitable place for the Blessed Sacrament, knowing how little in the house had not been packed for shipping. To our surprise, we found a well-worn Crucifix and a pretty statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, set on a tiny table between two wee candles and some flowers.

Fr. O'Donnell heard the boy's confession, and talked to him for a few minutes about our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He was surprised to find how ready the little heart was. There was an Act of Faith, made by Masao while his eyes were fixed on his mother's face, then an Act of Welcome, and the Master took possession of a

AT LEAST TO THE EXTENT OF AN OCCASIONAL PRAYER,

new, pure tabernacle where He must have been happy to stay.

After a few minutes of thanksgiving came Extreme Unction; and it brought tears to our eyes to see the thin little hands open out wide for the anointing and the healing that we hoped might come from it. There was no sign of fear or uneasiness on the child's part, nor from the mother anything except gratitude.

#### FR. RAY'S KOREAN "MARTHA AND MARY"

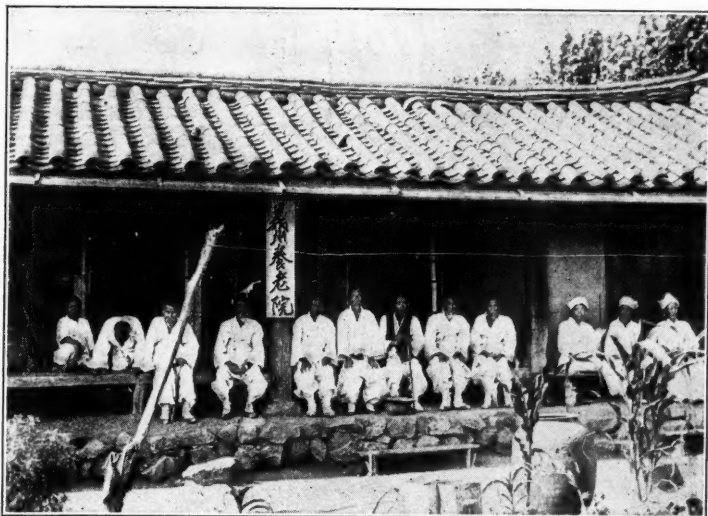
Gishu—  
(Korean Mission)

AT our Gishu Old Folks' Home, on one side of the garden, is a small Korean house for the women—homeless until a kind Providence brought them to this haven. Some have a history, some remember none. And here they are, former aristocrats and paupers, living together, scrapping now and again as old ladies must, but still wonderfully kind to one another in time of need.

Among their number are two precious souls, Martha and Mary. Martha is a cripple from birth, and has never been able to stand. Mary is completely blind.

As Martha and Mary have been Christians for many years, they make it their duty to see that not a pagan inmate of the women's department of the Home will remain long in ignorance of God and the Church. Practically all the old ladies who come to us are pagans; but, due to these two sentinels, not one has died unbaptized. I baptize them (there have been two during the past week), and I always feel sure that these dying old folks know the Truth, because they have been living with Martha and Mary.

Across the way, ten old gentlemen sit in the sun and smoke their long pipes. The "king" there was at one time the official interpreter between the Korean and Chinese Governments—in the days when Korea ruled her own people. And he looks the part, tall, erect, kindly, with a merry twinkle in his eyes while he spins his yarns. They all respect him, and give him extra space on the heated floor at night, and the head of the low table when they sit round for the corn mush and kimchi



SOME OF THE "OLD FOLKS" IN GISHU, KOREA  
*The "Old Folks' Home" in Gishu shelters former noblemen and paupers. The aged derelicts are wonderfully kind to one another, and those who have the Faith instruct their pagan companions*

pickle.

Just now both departments are crowded. The latest addition to the men's line-up is a blind man.

Some time ago, I was called to the Government Office in Gishu, and there received a gift from the Japanese

Government for my Old Folks' Home. It surely did "pep" me up to receive such recognition.

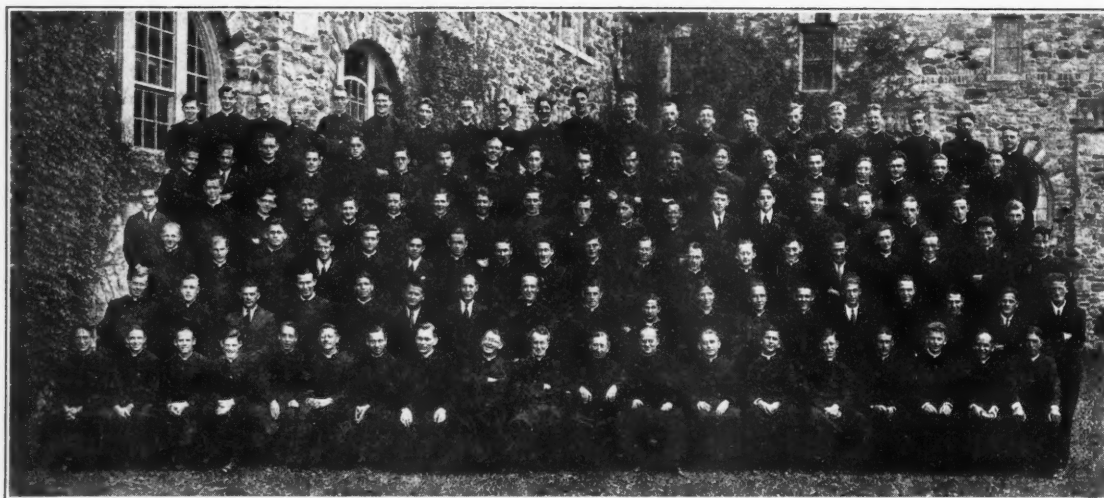
A few more gifts from other quarters would enable us to enlarge the Home, and so give Martha and Mary more souls to work on.



MASAO RECEIVES HIS FIRST HOLY COMMUNION  
*The Maryknollers present at this touching ceremony in Dairen, Manchuria, are Fr. John R. O'Donnell, of New York City, Sr. Mary Gemma Shea, of Roslindale, Mass., and Sr. M. Peter Duggan, of Brookline, Mass.*



## 1932 At the Home Knoll—Growth and Progress



MEMBERS OF THE CENTRAL ADMINISTRATION, OF THE FACULTY, AND THE PRESENT STUDENT BODY  
AT OUR MAJOR SEMINARY

*Seated on the Maryknoll Superior General's right are Fr. Byrne, of Washington, D. C., Fr. O'Shea, of Jersey City, N. J., and Fr. Kaschmitter, of Cottonwood, Idaho; on his left are Fr. Lane, of Lawrence, Mass., Fr. Winslow, of Cambridge, Mass., and Fr. Meaney, of Arlington, Mass.*



HERE do most of these young men come from?" is a question often put to us by visitors to our Major Seminary.

Perhaps the simplest answer will be to print the list, giving the name and home state of each.

This we do, and the country of parental origin can be fairly well guessed from the name.

### Students at Maryknoll Major Seminary

#### Fourth Theology

Arthur Lacroix, Newton, Mass.  
Louis Smith, Tiffin, Ohio  
James O'Donnell, Philadelphia, Pa.  
John Troesch, Springfield, Ill.  
Arthur Cunneen, Framingham, Mass.  
Thomas Gilleran, Framingham, Mass.  
Leo Foley, Medford, Mass.  
Joseph Lavin, Framingham, Mass.  
Raymond Quinn, Monterey Park, Cal.  
Allan Dennis, Staten Island, N. Y.  
John Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Reginald Markham, Rockford, Ill.

John F. Walsh, Cumberland, Md.  
John McConnell, Canada  
(Rome)

Edward Weis, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Patrick Donnelly, Lansdowne, Pa.  
Arthur Merfeld, Dougherty, Iowa

#### Third Theology

Michael Henry, Boston, Mass.  
Arthur Kiernan, Cortland, N. Y.  
(Rome)

William Whitlow, New York City  
Leo Melancon, Fall River, Mass.  
(Rome)

Daniel Kelly, Boston, Mass.  
Everett Briggs, Boston, Mass.  
Michael Walsh, Boston, Mass.

Harry Bush, Medford, Mass.  
Joseph Gibbons, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Russell Hughes, New York City  
William Kupfer, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
James Ray, New York City  
Alfred Harding, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Arthur Weber, Cuba City, Wis.  
John J. Walsh, New Haven, Conn.

#### Second Theology

Thomas Nolan, Bronx, N. Y.  
Clarence Burns, Toledo, Ohio  
James Fitzgerald, Medford, Mass.  
Donat Chatigny, Amesbury, Mass.  
John Bourne, Concord, N. H.  
Cyril Kramar, Youngstown, Ohio  
Bernard Welch, Fitchburg, Mass.  
Patrick Toomey, Waterbury, Conn.  
James O'Toole, Canada  
George F. Heinzmann, Union City, N.J.  
John Cavanaugh, Washington, D. C.  
Martin Lawless, Worcester, Mass.  
Clement Beesflug, Bismarck, N. D.  
Raymond Hohfold, Hastings, Nebr.  
Vincent Mallon, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Edmond Ryan, Dorchester, Mass.  
Edward Yonkers, Syracuse, N. Y.  
Francis Keelan, Waverly, Mass.  
William Mackesy, Lynn, Mass.

### THE ANNUITY PLAN

**THE** missionary builds  
for eternity. Do you?

**The Maryknoll Annuity  
Plan provides you with  
income for time and eter-  
nity. Inquire.**

GOD'S WORK IS DONE THROUGH HUMAN AGENCIES, AND

George Haggerty, St. Johnsville, N.Y.  
Francis O'Neill, Narragansett, R. I.  
John Donovan, Newport, R. I.  
Joseph Daly, Worcester, Mass.  
Timothy Daly, Palmer, N. Y.  
Charles Magsam, Fort Wayne, Ind.

#### *First Theology*

John McLaughlin, Elmhurst, L. I.  
James Manning, Richmond Hill, L. I.  
Michael McKillop, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Stanislaus Ziemba, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Russel Sprinkle, Middletown, Ohio  
John Lima, New Bedford, Mass.  
George Flick, Oswego, N. Y.  
David Gatzemeier, Newport, R. I.  
Alfred Weinlich, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Clarence Witte, Richmond, Ind.  
Arthur Allie, Two Rivers, Wis.  
James Smith, New York City  
Patrick Lavery, Bridgeport, Conn.  
Lloyd Glass, Cresco, Iowa  
John Fagan, Zwingle, Iowa  
John Quealey, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Joseph Cappel, Norwood, Ohio

#### *Second Philosophy*

Thomas Barry, Roxbury, Mass.  
Denis Slatery, Bronx, N. Y.  
William North, Richmond Hill, N. Y.  
Joseph Bogaard, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
John Sullivan, Scranton, Pa.  
Thomas Langley, Framingham, Mass.  
Thomas Coughlin, Richmond Hill, N. Y.  
Joseph Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Albert Fedders, Covington, Ky.  
James Morgan, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Leo Kelm, Emmetsburg, Iowa  
Henry Madigan, Troy, N. Y.  
Gerald Hines, Scranton, Pa.  
LaVerne Metty, Detroit, Mich.  
James Rottner, Norwood, Ohio  
Thomas Carey, East Newark, N. J.  
Peter Jones, Canada  
William Murphy, Syracuse, N. Y.  
Richard White, Geneva, N. Y.

#### *First Philosophy*

Joseph Warnat, Maspeth, L. I.  
Edward Manning, Richmond Hill, L. I.  
Joseph Reardon, Boston, Mass.  
Paul Walsh, Scranton, Pa.  
Maurice Duffy, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Francis Lynch, Pittsfield, Mass.  
Martin Dunne, New York City  
Francis Mulligan, Jersey City, N. J.  
Francis Daubert, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Constantine Wolotkiewicz, Glassport, Pa.  
Aloysius Hoverman, Vista, Iowa  
Raymond Crocker, Fairhaven, Mass.  
William Pheur, North Walpole, N. H.  
Francis Kelliher, Seattle, Wash.  
Francis McKinnon, Seattle, Wash.

Raymond Hanrahan, New York City  
Gerald Carroll, New York City  
Thomas Bauer, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
John McMahon, New York City  
Edward Koechel, Ozone Park, L. I.  
John Fisher, Malden, Mass.

Fifty-seven of these aspirant apostles are alumni of our Vénard Preparatory College; fourteen of the Vénard and some other institution; four of the Maryknoll Los Altos College; four of Los Altos and some other preparatory



A WINTRY GLIMPSE OF THE FIELD AFAR'S EDITORIAL HOME  
*The Field Afar Office Building also serves as the Maryknoll Power House*

school; and one of our youngest Junior Seminary at Mt. Washington, Cincinnati.

Other institutions having alumni at our Major Seminary are: St. Mary's, Baltimore, six; Fordham, five; Cathedral College, Brooklyn, five; Holy Cross, Worcester, four; Columbia College, Dubuque, three; Boston College, two; St. Charles, Md., two; Mt. St. Mary's, Md., two; Manhattan College, two; and St. Gregory's, Ohio, two. Each

of the following are represented by one alumnus among our major seminarians: St. Bonaventure's, N. Y.; St. Joseph's, Calif.; St. Francis', Brooklyn; St. Peter's Seminary, Canada; St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee; St. Charles, Overbrook, Pa.; Cathedral College, Ohio; Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; Academy of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass.; St. Ignatius, Brooklyn; Colby; Niagara Seminary; St. Mary's, Ohio; St. Michael's, Canada; St. Meinrad's, Ind.; University of Wisconsin; Dunwoodie; Holy Cross, Loyola, Calif.; Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit; Seton Hall College, N. J.; Georgetown University; and Oxford University, England.

It will be noticed that the Vénard, Maryknoll's first Preparatory College, at Clarks Summit, Pa., leads the alumni list. This is as it should be, and it proves that a work such as ours has evident need of its own preparatory colleges.

With our two year old at Cincinnati and Los Altos in California doubling their numbers, the Vénard will gradually appear in a smaller proportion on the complete roster; but it will always be the pioneer Maryknoll Junior Seminary.

#### **Looking Ahead—**

FR. BYRNE has made sallies this past autumn southward and westward, in answer to kind invitations that have come from colleges, high schools, and academies, requesting mission talks.

These excursions take time, and, incidentally, money (since free travel is the privilege of a hobo only), but they are well worth while.

Maryknoll must always look ahead, and this is the time to impress the next generation. We cannot afford to pass over the young people of today, and we welcome what opportunities arise to address them, knowing that some of the scattered seed will bring forth fruit.

**MUCH IS LEFT UNACCOMPLISHED WHEN WE FAIL TO ACT.**

## THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

**M**AY 1932 bring peace to a  
troubled earth; and to our  
friends every needed grace, with  
blessings untold!

**His Name was called Jesus,  
which was called by the angel  
before He was conceived in the  
womb.**

**Y**OUR resolutions? We once  
knew a man who, at the be-  
ginning of a renewed spiritual  
life, took so many resolutions that  
he became "twisted".

Let us suggest just one, for the  
**GREAT CAUSE**—a daily prayer  
for the missions.



**A**ND, while good impulses are  
fresh, why not act on a fre-  
quently repeated and very neces-  
sary recommendation to friendly  
readers—to add at least one name  
to THE FIELD AFAR subscription  
list.

*We want that name.*



**R**OYALTY at the manger of  
the Bethlehem Babe! Jesus,  
to Thee be glory, Who didst ap-  
pear unto the Gentiles!

Epiphany marks a beginning of  
the fulfillment of the prophecy:  
*All nations shall come and adore  
before Thee, O Lord.*

## Mission Values

**\$1**

Will support a Maryknoll mis-  
sioner for a day.

**\$5**

Will provide for the adoption  
of a Chinese baby, thereby  
rescuing it from paganism.

**\$15**

Will enable our missionaries to  
pay for one month the salary  
of a native catechist.

**\$100**

Will support for one year a  
young Chinese preparing for  
the priesthood in one of our  
Mission Junior Seminaries.

**\$365**

Will provide the support of a  
Maryknoll missionary—Priest,  
Brother, or Sister—during  
one year.

**\$500**

Will cover the travel expenses  
of a Maryknoll apostle to  
Asia.

And, oh! how swiftly the na-  
tions would come if the children  
of Light were as wise as the chil-  
dren of darkness.

**Christ humbled Himself, be-  
coming obedient unto death,  
even to the death of the cross.**

**O**NE more soul for Christ!

Have you one to your credit  
for 1931? Perhaps you have, and  
you do not know it. And again,  
perhaps you never make an effort  
to draw one more sheep into the  
Fold of Christ.

Yet the conversion of the world  
is not exclusively the business of  
priests. And, if we are consistent  
Catholics, we should have some  
"conversion credits" before this  
short life ends.

**For which cause God also  
hath exalted Him, and hath  
given Him a Name which is  
above all names; that in the  
Name of Jesus every knee  
should bow.**

**CHRIST MADE SACRIFICE**

**SPONSOR!** It will strike some  
as unreasonable that a young  
man who gives his life to the for-  
eign missions is not automatically  
supported by the Church.

As a matter of fact, the Church  
is not wealthy enough to meet this  
expense. And perhaps it is bet-  
ter so, since the missionary must  
depend on God's Providence.

Too, his need leaves an open-  
ing for divine grace to work in  
generous souls, affording them an  
opportunity to serve God as spon-  
sors to His apostles.

**Holy and terrible is His  
Name.**

**M**ARYKNOLL missionaries and  
missioners-to-be must find one  
hundred sponsors for 1932.

More are required, but—thanks  
to several Diocesan Mission Di-  
rectors, to a few parishes, and to  
some friends already enrolled as  
sponsors—we can limit our re-  
quest to one hundred.

This represents our need, which  
in figures we place at thirty dol-  
lars a month, or a dollar a day,  
for each missionary.

May our need meet your oppor-  
tunity to spread the Faith.



**W**HEN THE FIELD AFAR ap-  
peared, in January, 1907, it  
announced that the reason for its  
existence lay in the words of  
Jesus Christ, *Going, teach all na-  
tions.*

Limited to the archdiocese of  
Boston, it was designed to  
strengthen, especially in that dio-  
cese, all foreign mission activities.

The time was not then ripe to  
announce that, in the minds of its  
founders, it was also designed to  
prepare the way for the establish-  
ment in this country of a Foreign  
Mission Seminary.

Such, however, was their pur-  
pose, although no one of them had  
any idea when or how it could be  
carried out.

They made plans, and left the  
future to God—the best way, was  
it not?



WORD has come from Rome that Fr. Bernard F. Meyer has been named canonical Superior of the Independent Mission of Wuchow in South China.

No Maryknoller will be surprised at this selection. It is now over thirteen years since Fr. Meyer, a native of Iowa, left this country to labor in China, and his record as a missionary is an enviable one.

**O Lord our Lord, how admirable is Thy Name in the whole earth!**

HOLY Name organizations will emphasize their patronal feast this month; and we American Catholics are proud of the "showing" which they make in our country.

Outdoor processions are now the vogue, and during the past year thousands have participated in these, giving a splendid example to the public at large.

We often wish, and have more than once urged, that our Holy Name societies could be interested in some practical means of spreading the Name of Jesus in lands where millions still sit in pagan darkness and the shadow of death. We have suggested the sponsoring of missionaries or catechists.

**For there is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved.**

SOME cockle sower has been busy down South. One of our Maryknollers returned recently to the Center, puzzled and perplexed, even worried, by a report that this young organization for which he had been pleading was classed as "wealthy".

Fortunately our representative happened to be the Society's Treasurer, who knows better than any one how "rich" is the debt which Maryknoll has been carrying.

If an individual could lay aside



THE GLORIOUS EPIPHANY

LOOK up, sweet Babe, look up, and see

For love of Thee  
Thus far from home  
The East is come  
To seek herself in Thy sweet eyes.

To Thee, thou Day of Night! thou  
East of West!

Lo, we at last have found the way;  
To Thee the World's great universal  
East,

The general and unvarying Day.  
*Richard Crashaw (1613-1649)*

the income which Maryknoll receives, he would be fairly rich in five years; BUT please, just for two minutes, sit down and do this simple sum.

Maryknollers — priests, Brothers, and students — number approximately 500. The living expenses of each are, in rough figures, \$400. (We are actually asking less.) Now multiply; and double this amount so as to pro-

#### PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

**FIFTY dollars, paid within two years (fifty cents a week will accomplish this), secures a paid-up Maryknoll insurance of the spiritual order — including a life subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.**

#### THE TEST OF LOVE.

vide for travel, housing, catechists, and so forth—and you will begin to realize the scale on which Maryknoll must operate.

**For whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved.**

IN an effort to solve the constant problem of sustaining our overseas missionaries, we sent letters last autumn to Diocesan Mission Aid Directors in the United States.

Kind replies came from a goodly number, promises of co-operation from some, and actual contributions from a few.

Not all of the Mission Aid Diocesan Directors are in a position to secure relief for special needs such as ours, and several of these were so good as to insert our letter in their diocesan papers.

We are grateful for the courtesy and brotherly interest manifested.

Again we express the hope that every friend of Maryknoll may be a member of the world-wide mission aid society, now happily well-known in this country, the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*.



WE can safely express in advance our gratitude for many hundreds of kindly messages which will come to Maryknoll on or about January the first; and among these some, especially from our "old subscribers", will be directed to THE FIELD AFAR's twenty-fifth birthday.

On this occasion our precious offspring would be justified in appearing quite elegantly dressed, and loaded with souvenirs of his early life, but *que voulez-vous?*

The young man should be modest, and he might be spoiled if overdressed. Then, too, in another month he would look shabby by contrast.

Shake his hand, however, and wish him well. Like most people, he welcomes encouragement; and twenty-five years for a mission magazine in this country is worthy of note.

# The Beginnings — How THE FIELD AFAR

A stenographic report of "talks" given to the Sisters' Visade U



THE LATE FATHER JOHN I. LANE,  
OF BOSTON, MASS., A FOUNDER  
OF THE FIELD AFAR



AM often asked how I happened to get interested in foreign missions; and as often I have been obliged to answer, "I don't know."

The earliest recollection I have of any contact with the

missions is of gathering money for the *Holy Childhood*, as a boy in the city in which I was brought up—Boston. There was, as I recall, an old German priest in the Jesuit church where I went to Sunday School, who interested us in the little waifs of China. It was the *Holy Childhood* idea. Of course, we were told about the abandoned infants, as we tell people today. It made quite an impression on me.

I received my card, went around, and got one cent from each of twelve people. That is the first recollection I have of interest in foreign missions.

## No Mission Literature—

In those days, we had no news about the foreign missions. There was no literature on the subject. Our Sunday

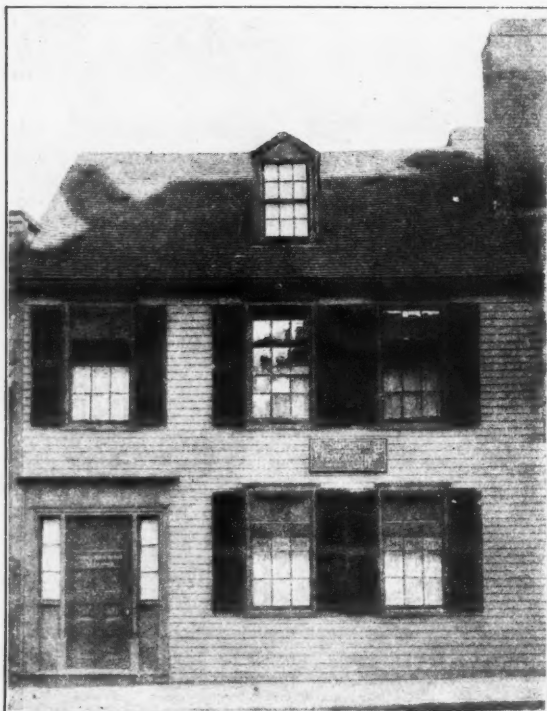
Formerly 62 Union  
Park Street, Boston.  
This building, erected  
several generations  
ago, was once used as  
a diocesan office for  
the Society for the  
Propagation of the  
Faith

School teachers would pick up something from the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, or the *Holy Childhood* magazine, which were printed on the other side of the water; but there was no American publication.

## At the Seminary—

The next recollection I have of any particular interest was at the Seminary. We had occasional missionary visitors at the Brighton Seminary.

I remember one from the Mill Hill Society, Father Jackson, who came from Borneo and was with us for several months. He had a clear tenor voice. Years later I met him at Mill Hill, when his beard had grown white, and I recalled earlier impressions. He died a few years ago.



THIS RELIC OF OLD BOSTON WAS, IN 1907, THE FIELD  
AFAR'S FIRST EDITORIAL HOME



FATHER WALSH AT THE TIME OF THE FIELD AFAR'S BEAS BOST  
THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH. IN THIS OLD OFFICE SO THE

# AFAR and Maryknoll Were Born

ers' Crusade Unit at Maryknoll, by the Superior General

Then there were priests from Africa, among them Fr. Lissner, who has established a branch of the African Missions down South. Another told us about headhunters in South Africa. These men were all interesting, and the average student was as much impressed as I was.

The only thing that I recall as exceptional was that, together with one of my professors, Father André, I supported a catechist in Japan.

Father André had several hobbies, one being the Carmelites—his sister was a Carmelite. Another was the missions. He was a deeply spiritual man, and had a great love for the missions. In his early student days in France, he had come in contact with future missionaries. Some of his fellow-students

went to the missions, and he carried on a correspondence with these. Together we got interested in one in Japan, and between us gathered enough every year to keep a catechist going.

## An Affecting Letter—

Then, I recall one night at the Seminary, when Father André took me aside and asked me to call at his room. On that occasion he showed me a letter, a letter I always regret not having kept because it made so great an impression on me.

It was from a priest who had been a classmate of Father André, and it was written from a section in the Far East where no priest had ever won the crown of martyrdom. He said:

*I am writing to you, my classmate.*

*A corner in the old office at Union Park Street, of which St. Francis Xavier was a special patron. In those days photographs were just beginning to come in from mission societies*



FATHER JOSEPH BRUNEAU, S.S., PROFESSOR AT ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, BALTIMORE. AND ALSO A FOUNDER

*It is sixteen years since I left the Seminary, with the fervor of youth and a strong desire to shed my blood for Christ. These sixteen years have passed in hard work, with very poor results.*

*I have accomplished little, and have come to the conclusion that nothing can be done in this district until some priest's blood has been spilled; and I tell*



AS BOSTON DIOCESAN DIRECTOR OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE IDEA OF MARYKNOLL GREW AND RIPENED



THE GREAT APOSTLES AND MISSIONER-MARTYRS OF PAST CENTURIES WERE THE MARYKNOLL FOUNDERS' INSPIRATION

*you in all sincerity, as friend to friend, coldly, far from the fervor of that young apostle—that if tomorrow I were called upon to meet death for Christ and souls, I should be the happiest of men.*

It was an affecting letter, and I have never forgotten it.

#### The Propagation of the Faith—

After that, in 1892, I was ordained; and within four or five days was appointed to St. Patrick's, Roxbury, a very busy parish, which later was divided, after it had been discovered that there were about eighteen or nineteen thousand people within its confines. I had very little time those days to devote to the foreign missions.

In 1897 the *Propagation of the Faith* was started. This Society had been supporting to some extent the missions in the United States, and the late Archbishop of Boston, Archbishop Wil-



THE LATE FATHER JAMES F. STANTON, PASTOR OF HYDE PARK, MASS., THE FOURTH FIELD AFAR FOUNDER

liams, had himself told me that he recalled very distinctly the early days when Boston was receiving help from it.

Archbishop Williams' life went back to 1822, the birth year of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*. He often recalled his student days when, for example, coming from Montreal by stage coach, he found a new railroad at the city of Lowell, about twenty-five miles from Boston.

The venerable Archbishop remembered that, when he sailed for France to study, his predecessor, Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, gave him a letter for the head of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith* in Paris, telling how poor the diocese of Boston was, and requesting funds from Europe. Archbishop Williams never lost the remembrance of that mission; and he knew that, as a result of the letter he presented, a gift of several thousands of dollars came over to the diocese, which at that time embraced all of New England.

When, therefore, the question of establishing the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith* was mentioned at the meeting of the Archbishops in Washington, Archbishop Williams bowed his head in assent, and said he would be willing to give his support to it. And he did so, in earnest.

#### Father Andre—

In connection with this, there is an interesting incident told to me by Father André, whom I have mentioned, and who died only last September.

Father André was in France in 1896, as I recall. Cardinal Gibbons was there also, with Archbishop Williams, and the late Monsignor Maginnis of Boston. They were all together, and Father André brought up the question of organizing in the United States the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*. All agreed that it should be done, and Cardinal Gibbons said he would take it up at the next meeting of the Archbishops.

Cardinal Gibbons later presented the idea to the Archbishops, and they accepted it; and Archbishop Williams immediately took steps to organize the Society in his diocese.

#### Father Tracy—

Doctor Tracy, a priest who had been

## EARLY AUTHORIZATIONS

*Archbishop's House, Boston*

*February 10, 1910*

Dear Father Walsh:

Each number of *The Field Afar* makes it constantly clearer to me that it has a good work to do.

It is certainly gratifying to testify to its great improvement upon the sort of mission literature we were accustomed to, not so very long ago.

We cannot all be missionaries. But none the less we must, if we are true Catholics, yearn to help them in the work they are doing.

They have the grace of the first apostles. We have the responsibility of praying for their success, and of giving them our aid in every way we can.

*The Field Afar* will help to make known the work of the Catholic missionary, his labors and his needs. And God will surely do the rest.

*The Field Afar* and the good work it is doing have my blessing and my best wishes.

✠ William H. O'Connell  
Archbishop of Boston



teaching at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, but who was a subject of Boston, was appointed as Diocesan Director, and for five years went around trying to inject practically a new idea into the minds of priests and people.

The priests' hearts were all right, but they had not been trained. Priests came out of the Seminary, or out of the novitiates of men, and Brothers and Sisters finished their novitiates without any knowledge of the missions.

At that time, too, we were canonically under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, which means that we were looked upon by Rome as a foreign mission; and Rome did not expect much from us even for the support of foreign missions, so that when Father Tracy began his direction in Boston, he found it rather difficult. But he was full of energy, and by the spoken and the written word he spread the idea, so that at the end of five years he was gathering something like \$25,000 a year.

During that period Father Tracy came to St. Patrick's Church, where I was stationed. It was around 1900. At that time I was pretty busy. I had a sodality of young women, about five hundred of them, meeting every week; a Holy Name society; the altar boys; charge of the sanctuary; quite a number of confessions (we were near the car line); and many sick calls.

When Father Tracy came, I almost feared that I should be asked to direct the work in the parish, and I felt that I could not do it justice. As a matter of fact, the pastor gave it to another priest, and I joined as a special member.

I followed the *Annals* to a certain extent, but I cannot say that I was deeply interested at that time, probably because I was absorbed by the other activities.

Not long after this, I was approached to take a chaplaincy in the Army, just as I was reaching a climax in activities. The proposition rather appealed to me, but I answered that as I had organized several new works, involving indebtedness, it would mean special hardship on others were I to leave at that time. I said that I would gladly go, however, if the Archbishop so desired. When the Archbishop

**EVERY life subscriber comes automatically into Maryknoll Perpetual Membership (as outlined in our Constitutions, approved at Rome), and shares in the Masses, prayers, labors, and sufferings of our missionaries.**

learned the circumstances, he would not ask me.

#### A Premonition—

One day, in the early part of 1903, I saw by the daily paper that Father Tracy had broken down in his work at the *Propagation of the Faith*, and

had been assigned to a parish. There wasn't any reason why this thought should have come to me, but I said to myself, as soon as I noted the paragraph, "I am going to be the next Director of the *Propagation of the Faith* in the Archdiocese". I smiled and wondered why that thought should have come to me at all, and so strongly; then I put it out of my mind.

The following morning, Saturday, I was going down town on some business, but was held up by an old lady who had a long story to tell, and, by the time I got through with her, it was too late to go down town, so I went into the garden to say some Office.

By this time I had quite forgotten



HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. JOHN JOSEPH WILLIAMS, LATE ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON, A STAUNCH PROMOTER OF THE FOREIGN MISSION-MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

**EVERY REASONABLE MAN MUST ADMIT,**



BRO. CHARLES FOWLEY, OF NEW YORK CITY, PILOTS HIS CHARGES TO ONE OF THE BUSES OF THE MARYKNOLL ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SCHOOL FOR JAPANESE IN LOS ANGELES

With the children are also Sr. M. Bernice Stewart, of Lake Geneva, Wis., and Sr. M. Immaculata Brennan, of Roxbury, Mass.

about the *Propagation of the Faith*, but, as I happened to look up, I saw a man with a beard go to the front door. As the maid opened it, I said to myself, "That is Doctor Freri, the Central Director of the *Propagation of the Faith*, and he has come to ask me to take that position".

A few minutes later, the maid appeared to call me. It was as I thought, and Doctor Freri, after a brief greeting, said that he had come from Baltimore to see the Archbishop, and to ask if I would succeed Doctor Tracy. I asked how much time he wished for an answer, and he told me that he was anxious to get back to Baltimore as soon as he could. I promised a reply in twenty-four hours, and he left.

I could see no reason why I should not take the position, and, when I found that the Archbishop had signified his willingness, I got in touch with Doctor Freri and accepted. The next Monday I was at the office desk. When I took the position, I said to myself, "I am going to stay in this work, in some form or other, for the rest of my life".

#### The Seminary Idea—

As I went on with the work of the *Propagation of the Faith*, I often

thought—and quite naturally—that we should have a foreign mission seminary in this country. I had tried to get in touch with missionaries in different parts of the world, and had come to realize how few English speaking missionaries there were in foreign fields. This began to weigh on me, and my thoughts turned seriously to the Seminary idea.

#### THE OPPORTUNE TIME

**THE names of benefactors on the doors of our student rooms are read with interest by passers-by in the corridors.**

**Most of the student rooms in our Major Seminary have now been taken as memorials, some ten only remaining. Will \$500 secure for you one of the ten, and the assurance of the prayers of generations of aspirant American apostles? This privilege will soon be no longer available.**

BUT WHO WILL SAY

We had been developing new interest every year. Receipts had gone up from \$25,000 to \$50,000, and then to \$75,000, and, finally, after the fourth year, they reached well toward \$100,000.

#### The Field Afar—

In 1906, about three years after I had taken up mission work, I made up my mind that we were not getting enough literature out, and that the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* were not sufficiently interesting. They were published on the other side of the water, after being translated from the French, and the English was not good. They did not impress the American people, and as a matter of fact they found few readers.

I remember going around and frequently finding piles of *Annals* in barns; and I recall asking Doctor Freri if we could not have in America a mission magazine.

I felt certain that there must be many photographs available, and that abundant material could be secured. So I conferred with Archbishop Williams, who gave his consent; and, in January, 1907, we published Vol. I of *THE FIELD AFAR*. At the same time, *Catholic Missions* started in New York.

*THE FIELD AFAR* was an enterprise quite independent of the *Propagation of the Faith*. I had brought together three priests—the late Father John I. Lane, who died a member of our Society; Father Joseph Bruneau, S.S., who is now in Baltimore; and the late Father James F. Stanton, of Boston, who died in 1922, pastor of Hyde Park. Father Lane was at that time Chaplain of the Daly Industrial School for Girls, at Neponset, and we met in his rooms.

I proposed several names for the paper, with *THE FIELD AFAR* as a preference. An objection was that it sounded too romantic; but we took it, and it was published by the *Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau*.

We were not a Society. We even kept back the purpose of *THE FIELD AFAR*, but we set it down as follows in our records—*To prepare the way for a Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary in this country.* That was in 1907.

#### Providence Intervenes—

I must say here that it was not my hope to establish an independent Amer-

ican Foreign Mission Seminary. I had become very much interested in the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary, and also in that of Mill Hill in England. I had gone to France several times, and had visited the homes of the Paris Seminary martyrs.

Mill Hill could not establish a branch in this country, because the Josephites in Baltimore, formerly from Mill Hill, had already become independent.

I thought naturally of the Paris Foreign Missions. Before I could broach the subject, however, I learned that Cardinal Farley had already invited them to come to New York, and that they had refused. I knew then that it would be impossible to get Paris to establish a branch.

(To be continued.)

### Our Romanknollers

AT Rome we have not as yet many Maryknoll students, although our house is well filled otherwise, a number of rooms having been placed at the disposal of American priests studying in the Eternal City.

Rome is full of interest at every turn, but student life is a strain; and, when the hot months arrive, with classes stopped, we try to find a place where the young aspirant-apostles can breathe better air and get a proper measure of exercise.

Fifteen minutes from Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol, stands the little "pension" Volderwaldhof, conducted by a splendid Catholic woman whose house during the summer months seldom contains less than a score of American priests and seminarians from various houses of study in Europe.

Here, in a refectory reserved for clerics, she serves them plain, but well cooked, meals—not forgetting real American pies "like mother used to make". There is a chapel in the house, which adds a special touch to the delightful atmosphere of these Catholic hills and valleys which have been so traditionally true to Mother Church.

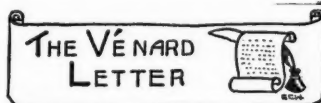
Maryknollers feel very grateful to Frau Huber for her contribution to their annual reinvigoration.

Make the boy admire sacrifice and he will learn self-denial.

**WILLS have become a source of great encouragement to our work.**

**They reach us from the most unexpected sources, and they vary in amount from one hundred dollars to several thousands.**

**As most of them are "stringless", they are a Godsend for which we thank Divine Providence and the thoughtful testators—all of whom are enrolled as benefactors of our Society.**



IN previous winters our chapel was a cold storage plant; spiritual exercises were attended in the wrapped-up manner of the Esquimaux. The weather stripping installed last summer is effective, and makes the atmosphere of the chapel attractive despite wintry blasts without.

Five altars are so arranged around

a semi-circular ambulatory behind the main altar that the six Masses, begun simultaneously each morning, are said within view of the entire community.

Two of the side altars have been donated as memorials. The temporary wooden altars in the three remaining chapels will continue in daily use, until the idea appeals to some one to erect permanent altars as memorials of well-beloved mothers or fathers deceased.

It is interesting to observe the very special attention given to the library in the winter months. The index of the library has been completed. It is not uncommon to find students who have no need of the index. Because of their familiarity with the hundreds of volumes, at the mere mention of an author or the title of a book, many students can walk directly to the shelf on which the book rests—or should rest.

The great open spaces have an appeal. The great open spaces of our library are appealing for those volumes that crowd your bookshelves. Wrap them up, and send them out. We guarantee your cherished volumes a comfortable berth and many good friends who will keep them company for hours at a time.

*If you like us well enough, join us for life—and for eternity. Be a Perpetual Maryknoller.*



WHERE "ROMANKNOLLERS" ENJOY A BRIEF RESPITE FROM THE ETERNAL CITY'S SUMMER HEAT  
The "Pension" Volderwaldhof in the Austrian Tyrol

THAT IT SHOULD END THERE?



## It Happened In Yeungkong

By Bishop James Edward Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission, South China



**I**t happened in Yeungkong, where, to some missionaries, the banyan trees will always seem the oldest and the leafiest, the bamboos the most feathery, and the temples the most gracefully dilapidated.

Add perhaps the cutest of all dialects, that is just about far enough from Cantonese to sound like foreigners trying to learn it, put that on the smiling lips of the people who are at once the trickiest and the most lovable you ever chanced upon, spice it all with streets the narrowest and slopiest imaginable, from which emanate odors the most ancient and fishlike in anyone's ken, and you have what to the many Maryknoll missionaries who made their debut in its purlieus will ever be the most Chinese of all cities—the exasperating and fascinating Yeungkong.

### A Devotee of Progress—

Progress was a word long and honorably known, and frequently employed in Yeungkong. It was a prime favorite in the unctuous vocabulary of Mr. Virtuous Life Yip, who had indeed made considerable progress in the business of selling fresh and salted fishes, and was thereby entitled to roll the light sounding word on his tongue with undisguised satisfaction.

His fish store was on the main street, and got a whale's share of the odoriferous trade he had chosen as his life's avocation. His coffers waxed fat; and, commensurate with their increase, his wife waxed uppish, his chil-

dren insolent, and he himself blandly patronizing. He rose steadily in Yeungkong's world until finally, as the biggest fish dealer in the city, he attained the summit of the Chinese business man's dreams, and was invited to become an official in the Chamber of Commerce.

He was a big man about town; and, because progress had smiled on him, he became its devotee and worshipped at its shrine.

### Three Bamboos Hong—

This was all very well, but even his friends got a bit tired of his continual talk of progress, and one of them in particular, his humble neighbor, Mr. Three Bamboos Hong, had reached the point that can only be described as "fed up".

Mr. Hong had a special reason for being rather sensitive on the point, inasmuch as he was in the same business, but, due to the less advantageous position of his shop, found himself totally eclipsed in the selling of fish. Mr. Hong's ancestral shop was twenty feet back from the main street and directly behind that of Mr. Yip, so that very few people even knew he was there; and, had it not been for the dark little alley that permitted his side and only entrance, he would have had no trade at all.

**I**f you wish to push one of our Burses over the top, we can supply you with a convenient means. Send for sample Burse cards.

In the circumstances, it was only relatives or special friends who appreciated the meek little man enough to search him out in his obscure location. So he had for many years been just able to eke out a bare living in his blocked-off corner, while his rich rival monopolized the trade.

### Good Advice—

Once he pinched and scraped for a long time, and then hesitatingly approached Mr. Yip with a proposal. He fumbled around for a way to begin, but Mr. Yip put him at his ease with the usual joviality of the successful man.

"Sit down, sit down, Three Bamboos," bowed the big fish merchant. "It's an honor to my little shop to have you take leisure from your precious store. Business pretty good, I suppose?"

"Business is very dull, Virtuous Life", replied little Mr. Hong, thankful for this opening on the very subject he had come to speak about. But he got no further.

"Progress, Three Bamboos", boomed Yip, "progress is what you want. It's a new world we live in, a world of progress. You need to beat the drum and blow the horns these days to get any trade. Progress is what you need."

"Yes, that's just what I was thinking," replied the little man with rising hope. "My sales are too meager. I need progress. Could you suggest any means?"

"Why, that is what I am telling you to hear. Get the attention of the people. You can't expect your fish to get up on their flippers and sell themselves, can you? Let the people know where you are. That's the way to sell."

"You speak a true principle, Virtuous Life," ventured little Hong, coming closer to the real object of his visit. "The people don't know where my shop is. The trouble is that you have all the frontage, and nobody comes into my alley."

### An Embarrassing Proposal—

Yip saw, smiled, hesitated, drank off a cup of tea, put on his business mask.

"Oh, that is no matter," he hedged airily. "Your location is not at all bad. What you want is better busi-



ness methods, that's all. Progress depends on the man. Get busy and hustle, and business will increase. Besides, you already have a pretty good trade, anyhow."

Hong saw that his friend was heading him off, and his hopes died then and there. But he was determined to come out with his proposal, and get it over with.

"Virtuous Life," he said, "I am a poor man. But I have saved up some money; and I wondered if you would consider selling me a small strip of your frontage, so I could have an entrance on the main street. I know it is worth money, and I have little, but let us talk it over. Your shop is extremely wide; you can spare a little."

Mr. Yip frowned. A Chinese business man strives by indirection to avert unwelcome proposals, much as does a young lady whose hand is being sought by the wrong man; and Mr. Yip blamed himself now for the cordiality which had encouraged this friend to subject him to the embarrassment of a refusal. But the thing was clearly out of the question. Mr. Yip hemmed a bit, and hawed. Then he said the inevitable.

"This is very difficult to speak, Three Bamboos. Originally I am very willing, of course. If I had only myself to consider, I would do it gladly. But you know how it is. This property came to me from my grandfather. If I sold any of it, all the Yips for miles around would be very angry. There would be no end to the affair. They would not leave me any peace. Therefore, there is no use to speak of it. No, don't speak about this affair. Truly, there is no means to accomplish such a thing."

Hong knew that this was final, and he was neither surprised nor angry. What he had asked was a forlorn hope, an impossible request. Yet, as his big, hearty friend bowed him out with more cheery words about a mythical progress which he alone stood in the way of, the little man did think he might have chosen a more consoling theme.

#### A Mercurial Divinity—

Mr. Hong stuck to his little trade in the alley. About all he got out of life was enough rice to feed himself, together with his honorable wifely person, and their brood of little Hong.

Mr. Yip, meanwhile, went on from success to success. He was mixed up in every forward movement in the town, took stock in the electric light plant, helped to promote the new public garden; and, in fact, identified himself with every sort of venture that spelled progress. And ever the magic idea was in his heart, and the magic word on his lips—progress. He lived for progress. That is, he did until his dearly loved progress suddenly took the unexpected form of widening the city streets.



MR. VIRTUOUS LIFE YIP  
*As Mr. Yip's coffers waxed fat, he himself waxed blandly patronizing*

In the fifteenth year of the Chinese Republic, a command went out from a modern and vigorous Government. It enjoined the wholesale construction of public roads. All approved, in the name of progress, except the farmers who had to yield trifling bits of their rice field borders for the right of way.

City dwellers, with land and purses unscathed, applauded the project of a main avenue—none more so than Mr. Yip. Roads to link up the fishing ports with market towns and villages brought him more and fresher fish, and more and quicker buyers. His conversation was now a very paean of progress.

But progress is a mercurial divinity that takes sudden turns, and it does not bother much about whose ox is gored. Mr. Yip was soon to sing another tune. He was to learn that progress is all very well when it happens

to benefit number one at the expense of the other fellow, but not so good when the case is turned around.

#### Mr. Hong sees a Light—

Little Mr. Hong was strolling in the market place. He met friends. "What is the news?" inquired he politely.

"News!" ejaculated one. "Did you hear about tearing down all our shops? Is that news enough for you?"

"Who is going to tear down our shops?"

"The road must go right through the town. Widen the street! Tear down the shops on both sides to make room! Yesterday, the magistrate issued the order. Truly it is infernal work. Can this be considered good? I am asking you."

"Well, I am asking you if this isn't what you call progress?" replied Mr. Hong placidly, who began to see a light. His first thought was for his own shop; and, for the first time in his life, he found consolation in the reflection that he did not front on the street.

"Progress!" echoed the group. "You might call it that, or maybe you might call it robbery also. Who is going to restore our capital?"

"The Government will probably pay for the land they take," ventured Hong.

Loud and bitter laughs greeted this opinion, which, be it said in justice to Mr. Hong, he did not for a minute entertain himself.

"Pay for the land! Three Bamboos, are you crazy? Of course, not a cent for the land. And we must pay to tear down and build up again. That is, if we have any land left to build on. And pay for the construction of the road besides. Is that progress? Is that public benefit? Is that according to reason? Where are we merchants earning profits in this fashion?"

#### Watchful Waiting—

"How much land are they going to take?" asked Hong.

"Twenty feet on each side, the notice says. But this thing is not accomplished yet. We are going to oppose."

The group vented comments ranging from lamentations to sarcasm and malediction. Hong listened politely, sympathized, excused himself, and took his way home.

"Twenty feet off each side," he reflected. "If I am not mistaken, this is one time when friend Yip is going to get enough of progress at last. This will not leave much of his store."

When he got to his corner, he paced off the depth of his friend's shop. It was just twenty feet. He went into his own shop, said nothing, waited.

A week passed, while the town babbled its excitement. All the merchants were metaphorically up in arms. But the Government was literally up in arms. The surveyers came to run the lines, while a squad of soldiers stood by. The shopkeepers saw the Government meant business, and groaned a grudging resignation. "No remedy," they said finally. The shops began to be demolished.

#### Exit Mr. Yip—

Most of the stores were benefited by the change, since they had a good depth running to fifty, sixty, and even eighty and a hundred feet, and to give twenty feet did not hurt them.

But Mr. Yip, with his wide shop of slight depth, was of all shopkeepers most miserable. He objected, opposed, protested—all in vain. All the answer he got was, "Progress". He learned to hate the word that he himself had canonized. The fatal day came. He had to demolish his store, and cart the

material away, to look for a shop site in some other locality.

So the street was widened, and the shops put on new fronts, and opened up again brighter and better than ever. All but that of Mr. Yip. It had vanished into thin air, while the motor-bus to Yanping rumbled over where it once had been.

There was no break in the street frontage, however. The next time Mr. Yip passed that way, he rubbed his eyes on seeing a new fish store at his old number. He peered within. There was his friend Hong, weighing out fish to customers.

"Pretty fine shop, Three Bamboos. How explain, eh?" he queried.

"Progress, Virtuous Life, progress," smiled the little man. "It is just as you told me. When you moved away, I hired a mason to cut a door in my wall, for four dollars and sixty cents; and found myself on the main street Truly, progress is a wonderful thing."

But he was talking to thin air, for Mr. Yip, at the first mention of his once loved progress, had vanished.

### More Maryknoll Movement

THE New Year is ringing in some changes on the "old Knoll".

This, of course, is no unusual experience, because our history for twenty years can best be characterized as *The Maryknoll Movement*. Sometimes, in truth, we seem to have too much movement; but it must be remembered that we are still young.

The latest changes on the Knoll are due to the swarming of our Sisters. We do not hear much of bees in the winter time; but the comparison came to us recently when we took a walk past the half-dozen human hives—occupied only the day before by busy postulants, novices, and professed Sisters—and found them all empty.

Yes, there they were, looking like a deserted village, and lacking only *For Rent* signs.

The *Pro-Seminary*, the most historic building in the annals of Maryknoll, seemed aghast at the idea of being unoccupied for a day. The original structure, concealed by later additions, glories in its patches; and, although referred to by the Sisters only as *Rosary House*, it accepted the title with due humility, while it kept its pride in past accomplishment.

And now—desolation threatened.

*St. Michael's*, a few feet away, looked as if it would fall back to its former state, a barn plus a coachman's quarters.

*St. Joseph's*, some hundreds of feet down the path, looked like a vacant summer hotel.

*St. Teresa's*, on the road side, was a mute appeal to some passing "Henry" Ford to buy an old wayside inn where the "father of his country" slept on one occasion.

The only upstanding structure that appeared glad to be free was *St. Martha's*, a stone building that had always felt too rugged to house the "weaker sex".

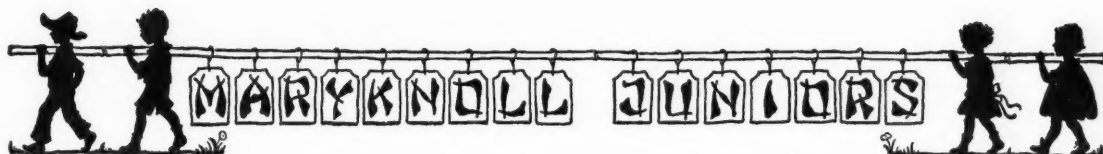
And now, what will become of these vacant houses? Dear reader, leave that worry to us.

And, where have the Sister-bees swarmed? We will tell you all that in the next issue of *THE FIELD AFAR*.



THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS' BETHANY GUEST HOUSE IN WINTER GARB  
After a brisk walk in the crisp, sunlit air of the Westchester hills, an armchair and a book in front of Bethany's glowing hearth have a special appeal

HE WILL NOT REMAIN LONG WITH US.



### JUNIOR CLUBS



THE Maryknoll Nimble Workers" have been organized under the leadership of Margaret Dagg in Cleveland, Ohio. At each meeting they read aloud from THE FIELD AFAR. Here, Juniors, is a real missionary activity. If you are doing something in your club that you have not read of any other club's doing, write me about it and I can tell it to the rest of the Juniors in this column.

St. Joseph's School, Fairhaven, Mass., is still going strong for the Maryknoll Missions, especially in Wuchow, China, where their beloved "big brother", Father Regan, is working among the pagans.

And right across the river from them, in New Bedford, is a new club, "St. Mary's Mission Club", thirteen in membership, all girls in the 8th grade.

And out in Fowler, Michigan, is a new club of forty-four girls and boys, working with what their teacher tells us is "a real mission spirit".

Then that "model club" I told you about last month is coming along fine with additional members and regular meetings that open with an Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart for the success of the Maryknoll Missions.

One Junior writes:

I took the letter to school and showed it to Sister and she was very glad that I brought it. The children all thought it was a beautiful thought and Sister too was very pleased. We all decided to join. So you can "count on us!"

Other clubs have been organized by Marie Patricia Gorman, Pittsburgh, Pa., Jeanne Houlihan, Aberdeen, S. Dak., and Anna Johnston, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and by the 7th and 8th grades of the Sacred Heart School, Newton Highlands, Mass., with an enrollment of 90; St. Columba's School, Louisville, Ky., with 74 fifth-graders; and St. Joseph's Institute, La Grange, Ill., 5th and 6th grade boys are renewing their membership and report much tin-foil and many stamps saved. "Semper Fidelis", the club in New York City that Breda Nolan wrote us about last spring, is under way again with newly-elected officers.

## Valiant Youth

Have You Read It?

THE FIELD AFAR ANNIVERSARY OFFER  
1907 1932

OUR BIRTHDAY GIFT TO YOU  
On Our 25th Birthday

Our Special School Rate  
25 Subscriptions  
for a School Year of Ten Months  
Will Entitle You to Receive Them for

**\$15.00**

You will find THE FIELD AFAR with its Teacher's Guide invaluable for your class work.



WHEN THE INFANT JESUS WAS CARRIED INTO EGYPT

### MISSION MELODIES

NOW then! How many Juniors know "Old Black Joe"? Hands up! Uh-huh! Everyone. Just what I thought. How many know "The Sidewalks of New York"? Everyone again; and "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail, Hail! The Gang's All Here"? All right. That's fine. And, of course, everyone knows "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "Maryland, My Maryland". I don't need to ask about them.

All of these old friends are used for tunes to which to sing "The Maryknoll Juniors' Daily Dozen", a collection of Maryknoll Mission Melodies that we have gathered into a booklet. Send 5¢ to Johnny today and he will send you one.

It would be well for us Juniors to think frequently of the many Chinese babies that have gone to heaven through our endeavors, and to ask that they pray for us to God, in order that we, too, may be sure of a place with them.



## DEAR JUNIORS:

**Do you realize that it is an important thing to be a Junior? It really is. Juniors are the hope of the Catholic mission world. You are the missionaries and mission helpers of to-morrow.**

**You are lucky to have been born in these later years, for this generation is catching the spirit of spreading the Gospel. It has been said of Americans that they love themselves and their creature comforts too much to be good missionaries. But I know that our Juniors are going to show in this New Year that they are willing, glad, even anxious to sacrifice themselves and the things they like for the sake of spreading the Kingdom of Christ.**

**May 1932 bring to you and all Christians a pure love of God; a willingness to sacrifice much for Him.**

*Yours for a Happy New Year,*

*Father Chin*

## JUNIOR BROADCAST

A one-hundred-per-cent Maryknoll Junior has written to say:

My scrap-book is filled; it has 185 pictures altogether. I have six scrap-books mostly on the Maryknoll missionaries. I have 35 books concerning religion and Maryknoll.

Juniors who want to catch up with that 35, look down this page and read about some of our books that are just the thing you like to read.

One of our Juniors in California has called on the Maryknoll Sisters in Los Angeles and this is what she says about the visit:

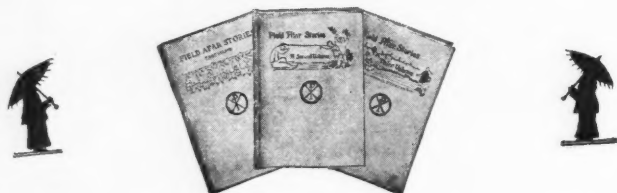
Two weeks ago Virginia and I went to the Maryknoll Home for Japanese children for a visit. A Sister showed us around the place and it was beautiful. We met a cute little four-year-old tot that was very sociable and sang and danced for us. Her name was Joan.

Here are two Juniors who appreciate the value of prayer. One says:

I have been saying many prayers to the Sacred Heart that you may be having many faithful Juniors.

And the other confided to us: You know, Father, we just love missionaries and their doings. When I think of all the boys in China, Japan and other countries who aren't as fortunate as we are, I feel awfully greedy. I am offering my prayers and Holy Communions for the missionaries at home and abroad.

If you haven't read *Valiant Youth*, send to us and we will tell you how to find out the answer about the monthly "bread-and-butter-and-jam." *It's worth while.*



## Can You Finish These Yourself?

A solitary figure, travel-stained and stooped beneath the weight of a heavy pack. . . . The Street of a Million Gifts. . . . It was the Angelus hour. The deepening twilight stillness. . . . The Three Wise Men of Kansu. . . . "Ahoy the house!" At the call a young priest who had taken refuge from the driving summer rain in the friendly shelter of the boathouse, looked up from the breviary in which he had been absorbed. . . . Pobo. . . . San-of-the-Cross.

### DON'T THEY MAKE YOU WANT TO READ MORE?

The Field Afar Stories are independent collections of tales dealing with the New Romance, "our missionary annals, the only real romance in all the world".

Written for the story-lover, the mission-lover, the child that has grown up and the child that never "grows up".

*Fully illustrated*

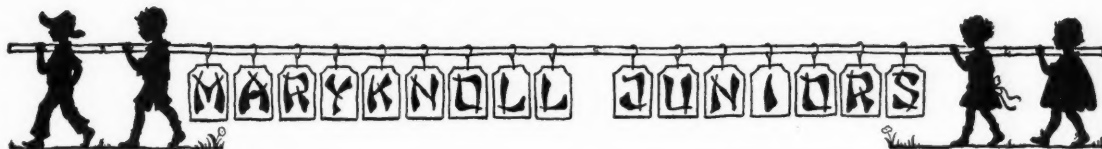
*Cloth binding in attractive Chinese design*

*Per volume, 85¢; 3 vols., \$2.25*



BY BLESSED MOTHER AND ST. JOSEPH





Not since the Three Wise Men puzzle last January have my Juniors had so hard a hunt as for the three girls and the rice-bowls. The prize-winners are: *First*, Anna Reyman, *Bronx, N. Y.*; *Second*, Philio Dorothy Shay, *Oakland, Calif.*; *Third*, Lillian Sperl, *Hanska, Minn.* *Honorable Mention*, Elizabeth Meuse, *Wakefield, Mass.*; Helen Haluska, *New York, N. Y.*; Helen Mary Hessburg, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Last Call! Last call for Prizes to Groups! Remember the prizes for puzzles published between September and January will be awarded in January. Hurry, hurry, hurry, and get them in!

THE best answer to the questions about the letters, "C. F. M. S. of A." was given by Mary Fox of *Paterson, N. J.*; the second prize went to Marie Ernst, *Milwaukee, Wis.*; and the third to John Wilson, *Pittsfield, Mass.*

## HONOR ROLL

Pauline Moulton

Viola Papa

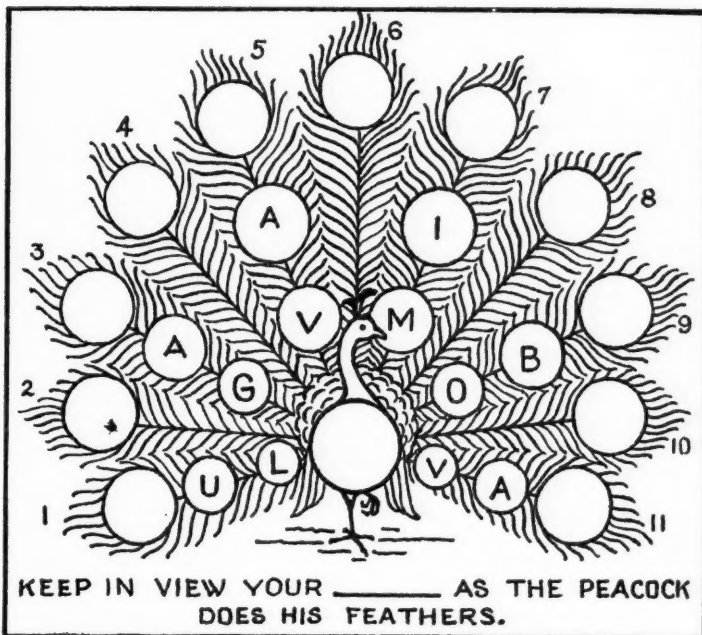
Elsie Machado

Ruth Cooney

George William Tracey

Helen Maura Hogan

Margaret Meehan



Starting with No. 1, fill in every other blank outer circle with a letter and put a letter in the large circle which makes the body of the peacock. If you use the right letters you can spell a four-letter word on each feather, starting with the circle at the tip of the feather and ending with the letter in the large inner circle. After you have made a word on every other feather, fill in the remaining blank circles, starting with No. 2, and see if you can make the letters in the outer circles, according to number, spell the missing word in the sentence above.

## FOR YOUR PRE-LENTEN ENTERTAINMENT



Young, talented, saintly, with a tender love for pagan souls—and in the dawn, in an unknown village in the Far East, they led him out to torture and death. Tragic? Perhaps—but so he won—

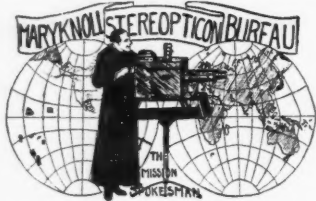
## HIS HEART'S DESIRE

This Maryknoll play is a mission drama woven around events in the life of the martyred Blessed Théophane Vénard, and it is a splendid help in rousing mission interest. The musical setting is optional but adds much to the strong appeal the play makes.

Single Copy .....25¢

THEY WERE MAKING THE FIRST MISSION JOURNEY

## The Students Page



"ALL the world"—that is the mission field which Christ gave to His disciples. Our lectures bring the Maryknoll field to you; they will show you the lives of the millions who know not Christ; they will bring to you a knowledge of the conditions under which the missionaries live, the strange ways of thinking and the traditions of the peoples to whom they are carrying the Faith.

They will be a practical help in your effort to help us. We offer the following:

### For Colleges and High Schools

Maryknoll—Maryknollers at Home and Afar

Maryknoll in China

Ben Hur

Vatican Missionary Exposition

China, the Land of Four Hundred Million Souls

The Chi Rho in Action

### For High Schools and Grades

Just de Bretenieres—A Nobleman of God (martyred in Korea, March 8, 1866)

Theophane Venard — A Modern Martyr

Northern Japan—Glimpses caught by Maryknollers (Yokohama, Tokyo and Sendai)

Lourdes and its Mission Message  
Father Meyer's Lecture

### Address

Maryknoll Stereopticon Bureau  
Maryknoll, N. Y.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

### ROCHESTER STEPS FORWARD



It is good to find out how warm a spot we hold in the hearts of our friends in Rochester, N. Y. On the occasion of our Father General's recent visit there, he was presented by the Unit of St. Bernard's Seminary with a most generous gift. And at Nazareth College in the same city they showed him very materially what they think of Maryknoll and the mission work to which we are consecrated.

### VALIANT YOUTH

*Valiant Youth* is the name of a new booklet, the story of two American boys and a young Chinese. When a mysterious check came the older American boy wrote to his mother, saying, "Mother, dear, this is where bread-on-the-waters has come back bread-and-butter-and-jam. Take it and ask no questions."

### NORTH AND SOUTH

The Canadian C. S. M. C. in the following letter puts its finger on one of the most direct and satisfactory methods of rendering practical assistance to us in our apostolate:

At the last meeting of the Canadian Catholic Students Mission Crusade at Loretto Abbey College School, Toronto, a resolution was passed to the effect that each Crusader pray for a particular Missionary as well as for all in general. She would also endeavor to help him materially.

We feel that the above system will arouse more missionary zeal in the hearts of our Crusaders.

If you approve of the plan you can help us greatly in our work by sending to us the names and addresses of the missionary priests in your community.

And from the South comes encouraging assistance. St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., wrote cheerily:

We received the mission material and magazine you had sent to us and we wish to thank you very much for your help. Our mission rally proved to be a great success. I'm sure that this year, just as last, will prove to be one of great fruit for the missions here at St. Mary's. The response to the missions so far has been more than encouraging indeed. We can use, at any time, mission material especially for our bulletin board.

And when Father Byrne, Maryknoll's Assistant General, visited at Baltimore, the College of Notre Dame in Maryland, he came away with their friendly Godspeed and a generous token of their interest and good will.

The Crusade Unit of St. Anthony's High School, Detroit, Mich., has adopted Father Roy Petipren, M.M., of Shingishu, Korea, as their special missionary. In November they gave a live mission Sunday program.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Name of the Lord is worthy of praise.

THAT CARRIED THE GOSPEL TO FOREIGN LANDS

## MARYKNOLL SPONSORS

**T**HE members of the *Little Flower Circle*, of Milwaukee, Wis., not satisfied with being themselves active and generous friends of Maryknoll, are ever on the lookout for opportunities to spread interest in the mission cause.

They evidently tell everybody they know about THE FIELD AFAR, and the result is a gratifying increase in the ranks of our reader friends.

We received a visit last autumn from the members of the *Saint Joseph William Circle* of Brooklyn, N. Y., who left a quantity of useful household supplies to replenish our rather lean cupboards. They also brought with them some beautiful altar linens.

Lovely altar linens were also received from *Our Lady of St. Paul's Circle*, of San Francisco, Calif., and from a group of mission workers in Minneapolis.

The *Saint Caroline Circle*, of Valley Stream, L. I., N. Y., celebrated in November the fifth anniversary of its formation.

A banquet, with appropriate Oriental souvenirs (purchased at Maryknoll), was a feature of this birthday celebration. We wish the five-year old many happy returns!

The members of the *Théophane Véronard Circle*, of Worcester, Mass., report that their annual rummage sale was a great success; and now they are making plans for their annual food sale.

If the temptation ever comes to us to "take things a little easier" for a bit, we just think of this Circle and get a new stock of energy and enthusiasm.

Some Circles responded at once to our appeal for mission benefit card parties. Among these are the *St. Teresa's Circle*, of Concord, N. H., and the *St. Aloysius Circle*, of New York City.

We received for our dispensaries a large carton of bandages from St.

Joachim's Circle, of Philadelphia, Pa.

This zealous Circle also sent boxes of children's clothing, household linens, blankets, and—to top it all—a fine "stringless" gift!



A CIRCLE IN YEUNGKONG, SOUTH CHINA

*Sr. M. Dolorosa Oberle, of Mankato, Minn., mothers three tiny waifs. Which of these little ones has YOUR Circle ransomed?*

Fr. Francis Ferme, of St. Vito's Church, Mamaroneck, N. Y., honored us with a visit last autumn, and brought with him about sixty-five Sodality girls.

They had an enjoyable time and voted Maryknoll a fine place to visit, the only drawback being the shortness of the afternoon.

**THE Seminary Chapel at Maryknoll is only temporary, but liable to remain so for some time to come.**

**We have now used it for eight years, and its furnishings should be renewed. We present this opportunity to any individual or Circle interested.**

### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD

**W**E ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Very Rev. Bartholomew F. Killilea; Rev. George Zurcher; Rev. John F. Byrne; Rev. Clement Bellmann; Sister Clare of the Presentation; Sister Bernardine of the Sacred Heart; Sister Irene of the Sacred Heart; Sister Mary Cyril Coonan; Sister Mary of St. Henrietta; Mrs. Jacob Teitsch; Annie Crane; Mrs. John Clendening; Catherine Bradley; Lewis Stanley; Mrs. Caroline Macke; John T. Gallagher; James McKaig; Adelaide Sullivan; Charles Ruebsam; Mrs. William McCook; Maria Duggan; J. P. Fox; Stephen Krajci; Bernard McGinn; Martin Lalor; Mrs. Mary Agnes Campbell; Mrs. Anna Donnelly; Joseph E. Kelley; William Dowd; Mary Klinckhamer; Jacob Lonsdorf; Florence St. Onge; Sarah J. M. Gilbride; Anna Korte; Helen A. Renaud; Mrs. Goldsmith; Mrs. Bridget Brughel; Frank Perry; Mrs. Otto Moosbrugger; Mrs. E. Dhaenens; Marie C. McCloskey; Thomas F. Kelaher; Mrs. Margaret Metzgar; Mr. Corliss; Mrs. S. F. Kennedy; John Hughes; Dr. J. R. Commorato; J. C. Moynihan; Mr. Dunn; Mrs. Mary Gillespie; Mrs. John McGrevy; Dr. E. J. Purtell; Patrick O'Connor; Bernard Wessling; Ellen McClean; Nora M. Neal; Pierre Pelouquin; Joseph J. Felsecker; Mr. Chatigny; Mrs. Fagan; Mrs. Joseph L. Riley.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

#### Practical Stage Work—

Current plays suitable for Catholic stages. Year Book for the play season 1931-1932. Published by the Catholic Dramatic Movement, Rev. M. Helfen, Briggsville, Wis.

#### The Book of the Holy Child—

By Sister Mary Bartholomew, O.S.F. A Catholic reader for the First Grade, edited by Dr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Dean, Graduate School, Marquette University. Published by The Bruce Publishing Co., 524-544 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis. Single copy, 64¢.

**CHARITY MUST EXPAND OR IT WILL DIE.**

## Greetings and Gratitude



Mary Lou Lee is SO grateful for the time can. It will serve as vase, table utensil, candle-stick, and what-not. Maryknoll also registers here gratitude, and, though more interested in their contents than in tin cans, is likewise an adept in turning gifts to many uses

TO all our benefactors, *A Happy New Year*, filled to overflowing with choicest blessings and graces.

The number of those who remembered Maryknoll and the missions during the Christmas season just past was indeed heartening. Again, dear friends of the Christ Child, many, many thanks, and may His peace in your souls be the reward of your sacrifice and love!

A *Stringless Gift* is doubly welcomed at Maryknoll. We have many irons in the fire, all of which are more or less important; so, when an undesignated gift comes, it makes it a little less difficult to meet some of our crying needs.

Recently we have had gratifying evidence that others realize what a *Stringless Gift* to Maryknoll may accomplish. One generous donor of an undesignated gift in four figures asks that no recognition of his charity be made. Other *Stringless Gifts* came from Providence, R. I.; Cleveland, Ohio; Rochester, N. Y.; and from two members of our own Society.

An offering for the *Support of a Maryknoll Missioner* was made by friends in Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Fr. Meyer's *Mission* in South China was remembered by a benefactor in Atlantic City, N. J.; and two apostolic mission lovers, eager to increase the number of China's native priests, gave the yearly support of a *Native Seminarian*.

Payments on a *Memorial Room* in our Major Seminary were made by a friend of our work in Lowell, Mass.

Maryknoll must shoulder the bulk of the expense of training for the priesthood its nearly three hundred aspirant apostles.

## A PRECIOUS GAIN

**HOW gratifying to Maryknoll is an increasing Field Afar Subscription list may be realized when we state that the bulk of support and the majority of vocations have come from men and women, young and old, who have become close readers of this monthly.**

**One subscription is a precious gain, and that is why we remind our readers occasionally to interest their friends.**

**For some sections of the country, this is the only way in which we can spread knowledge of our work.**

We received substantial aid last month in shouldering this heavy burden from a member of the United States hierarchy, and from New York.

*Maryknoll Annuities* were secured from Massachusetts and Minnesota.

Not every annuity brings interest for time and for eternity. A letter came recently to our hilltop from a priest friend in the Southwest which contained the following paragraphs:

*My fundamental idea in investing money has been to invest in Church property, bearing modest but sure interest; and by this means to aid in the development of institutions of the Catholic Church.*

*The extension of the Kingdom of Christ should be the sole aim of a good priest of God, and all he has should be directed towards that end. The little I managed to save in life is now with you, dear Maryknollers, the faithful stewards of Christ, who will make use of it to extend His Kingdom after my death. I made a wise choice. I rejoice now, for our bank failed, and I lost in it all I had to carry me on.*

A new *Burse*, bearing the title *Queen of the Rosary Burse*, has been added to the list of our Burses for the support of seminarians in the homeland.

During the past month eight *Wills* matured in favor of Maryknoll, and we have received word of a remembrance of our work in seven others.

## PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

**Living:** Reverend Friends, 4; J. M. C.; C. M. P.; Relatives of Rev. W. T. C.; D. C. F.; M. F. H.; C. C. K.; M. S.; K. C. K.; A. E. G.; A. H.; M. A. M.; F. S. and Relatives; M. L. P.; M. N.; C. M.; A. G. and Relatives; B. H.; M. T.; A. D.; M. L. K.; E. D.; V. S. S.; C. A. and F. M. B.; A. M. and Relatives; M. H. McC.; J. F. R.; A. C. P.; R. F.; J. C. K. and Relatives; B. J. Y.; J. N. and Relatives; L. B. and Relatives; M. S. and Relatives; J. B. S.; Mrs. J. J. R. and Relatives; R. S. and Relatives; M. C.; J. B. W.; E. W.; R. B.; A. C. G.; Relatives of D. H.; M. E. R. and Relatives; Junior Class 1930-1931 and Sisters of Our Lady of Lourdes School, Los Angeles.



**Deceased:** Reverend Friends, 3; Joseph E. Kelly; Anna Donnelly; Patrick Allwell; Francis Holohan; Joseph Hiniker; Jacob Rice; Mary E. Renaud; Helen A. Renaud; Catherine Grimley; Joseph P. and Irene H. Conway; Mrs. C. J. Bowen; Ellen McLoughlin; Margaret Sullivan; Leon Schaeffer; Kate Kennedy; Mrs. Mary Gleason; Catherine Gleason; Miss Mary Gleason; Mary White.

## OUR READERS SAY

**E**VERY time I read THE FIELD AFAR the experience is heartening; but I do not want to be merely a hearer of the word. Perhaps I can begin to pile up for myself riches in heaven, where the banks never fail.

So, I will ask you to have this check endorsed by Saint Peter, or his representative at Maryknoll.—*Overbrook, Pa.*

Please find enclosed check for my FIELD AFAR subscription, and my dues for the Medical Department of your wonderful work.—*Worcester, Mass.*

## STUDENT BURSES

A bursar is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

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## IF THEY ONLY KNEW

**S**TEPHEN YIP, Father Patrick's head catechist, organizer, secretary, and, in brief, right hand man, was learning English rapidly; and Father Patrick often gave Mr. Yip his American correspondence to read.

The catechist usually found this an extremely interesting and enjoyable occupation, but that morning his frown deepened as he scanned letter after letter, and finally he gave a sigh that drew the American missionary's attention.

"Whatever is the matter, you old Gloomy Gus?" questioned Father Patrick. "Are they all asking us to return the offerings they sent in their last letters, or what is it, man?"

Gloomy Gus was beyond Mr. Yip's English vocabulary, but he caught the drift of the priest's remark, and answered, "I am sad, Father, because not one of these letters contains an offering for the support of catechists. All the money tied up for things we neither want nor need, and here we are with catechists enough for only one fifth of the people who are asking for instruction in the doctrine. If they only knew!"

Father Patrick nodded, the shadow of many patient hopes and yearnings dimming for a moment his smile. "Yes", he repeated slowly. "If they only knew!"

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(See page 32)

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